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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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A Herald of the New Barbarism

REFLECTIONS ON THE END OF AN ERA. By Reinhold Niebuhr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MR. NIEBUHR has accomplished the fairly difficult feat of writing a book which will suit nobody; and those who are most like him—economic radicals and undogmatic theologians—will probably be least pleased of all. It seems that everybody is more or less wrong; and what is likely to be more annoying to many readers, everybody is more or less right. Conservative and radical, Fundamentalist and Modernist—none of them has all the truth and none of them is wholly in error; even the liberal bourgeois rationalist, who for a time seems consigned to the author's nethermost hell, turns out to have some mitigating virtues. Which is just as well. Mr. Niebuhr calls himself a conservative in theology (though conservative theologians will have no doubt as to where he will spend eternity) and a radical in politics (though he would probably be one of the first to face a communist firing squad). But one of his cardinal virtues is precisely one of the chief virtues of liberal bourgeois rationalism—an inclination to find out what is what, to be fair and give every man his due as the facts may warrant; rather than to take a dogmatic position and stick to it, with the machine gun or the thumbscrew and the stake as a sufficient reply to dissidents.

The cardinal problem of human life, Mr. Niebuhr holds, is the antithesis between spirit—*i. e.*, altruism, brotherly love, the aspiration to better things—and "nature." Not inanimate Nature, often perverse and in the end implacably hostile; that is another question and possibly a tougher one, but more remote at the moment. What he means by "nature" is the cussedness of human nature—egoism, selfishness, the will to power; or (if you prefer an old-fashioned but not wholly inaccurate terminology) original sin. For this problem liberalism, in politics and theology, has no answer; it is the product of a special civilization which believed it was going to grow indefinitely in wisdom and stature, and consequently degenerates too often into a blind and even hypocritical optimism, foolishly believing that by education, men can be made good. The orthodox Church is more realistic; it knows that in the course of justice none of us should see salvation. But too often it has failed to try to make things better here below; alone, it cannot save us now.

Politically and economically, Mr. Niebuhr thinks, the future belongs to radicalism; not merely do the signs of the times point that way, but something called "the logic of history" is bringing about the triumph of the proletariat. But it seems that is not so good either; better than what we have now, but not so good. It will be a "victory of the barbarians"; there is no hope that it will be accomplished peacefully; and even after the proletariat is in control, things will be pretty uncomfortable. For the barbarians will be vindictive, punishing the innocent with the guilty; also they will be short-sighted, and quite possibly blindly dogmatic, too. They will try, as they have tried in Russia, to force the farmer into a framework built for an urban industrial population; that alone will mean conflicts for ages to come.

What of it? the communist may ask.

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THEODORE DREISER IN FOUR DRAWINGS

Caricatures above by Gene Markey and Eva Herrmann; below, by Covarrubias; portrait head (right) drawn for The Saturday Review *by Arthur D'Amato.*

Theodore Dreiser

BY ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

IN "Twelve Men" I first met Dreiser, the writer. I was reading indiscriminately at the time. A note-book shows that during those months I was making or improving an acquaintance with Remy de Gourmont, Gibbon, Ben Jonson, Gautier, and *The Little Review*. In that company Dreiser was a terribly ill-dressed writer; and his virtues were out of place. I read "Twelve Men" through, but with reluctant appreciation. I could not deny its force, but I could not account for it either. Taking one's eye off the page, off the viscid, mortar-like sentences, to let the mortar dry, so to speak, one saw figures plainly, solidly constructed.

This effect of substance was not obtained by implication, allusion, and cunning observation. It was done, perhaps, by the painful assembly of detail. Once, on re-reading "The Brothers Karamazov," I was impressed even more than at the first reading by the rapidity and thoroughness with which Dostoievsky had produced, in a few pages, the huge and terrific figure of Karamazov from whose complexity could issue, by way of a family, a saint, a sophist, and an idiot. I read and re-read these amazing paragraphs. Phrase by phrase, and sentence by sentence, the matter was colorless and flat, offering little indeed for an anthologist. There were no perfect sentences, no neat, polished summations. What was there was data, chosen with unteachable skill, data about the house, the possessions, the age, the appearance, the family circumstances of the man Karamazov. Dreiser has a similar gift, though it is used more diffusely and carelessly, often in mere accretion rather than selection of detail. And in the quality of the two writers' characters, there is the difference between destiny and chance. Men in America believed they were frustrated by chance whereas men in Russia knew that they were frustrated by powerful and known forces.

I put down "Twelve Men" with dissatisfaction. It was not writing that I like and there was cause for dissatisfaction there; and it was not writing that I could dismiss, and that, too, was a cause for dissatisfaction.

At the time I was working in the offices of Doubleday, Page & Company, which had published "Sister Carrie" in nervous discomfort, had never issued the printed book but tried it out first on the critics, and when the critics disapproved had buried the edition in their cellars. Now Boni & Liveright were publishing Dreiser, and at Doubleday's he was considered just the sort of tainted meat usable in the output of Boloney and Liverwurst, as some of the wits in the office had named these lively rivals.

Dreiser was then pretty generally considered a pornographer, and the air at the time was charged with the sharp odors of Stuart P. Sherman's attack. The antagonism I felt around me, toward Dreiser, had the effect of sending me to another of Dreiser's books. I chose the "Titan," which I was told was the best of his books, but I had little predisposition in its favor, and put it down unfinished. The good qualities were there, but I had grown confirmed in my taste for experiments in literary forms—and Dreiser's style was almost archaic; and for Nihilism in content—and Dreiser's obvious and largely affirmative interest in American life left me irritated.

To account for Dreiser's reputation then proceeding to its heights, I came gradually to the conviction that he had been fortunate in his enemies, and in the issue which had raised his enemies; that he was becoming a classic by an American trick of chance, not by intrinsic right or destiny.

There are numbers of books in world literature whose place has been determined by historical circumstances, because they dominated a moment of history; or they keep their title to greatness by default, there being no better books to

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Quips and Cranks and Wanton Wiles

A WARNING TO WANTONS. By Mary Mitchell. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

SOMEWHERE in Southeastern Europe, in some Ruritania of Miss Mitchell's imagination, where jagged mountains enclose a principality that still happily mingles a simple peasantry with a cultured and luxury loving nobility, and where a feudal relationship persists into the twentieth century, Count Anton Kardak laid the train for surprising events by inviting a hussy to his castle. This is her tale, and a right merry tale it is, witty, sophisticated, frankly incredible, too long perhaps, but gay and amusing. Let wantons take warning from it.

Miss Mitchell writes with smoothness and vivacity, and with unflagging zest in the wiles of her heroine, Renée de la Vallière, a minx if ever there was one. Certainly Mlle. de la Vallière knew how to play her hand, how to be courteous and gentle with Count Kardak's sister, demure and ingenuous with his son, the solemn-minded Max who was so inflamed by her graces that up to the hour of his marriage and after it he was enticed away from his love by her, and how to be daring and full of finesse with worldly Count Kardak himself. An impudent little baggage was Renée, who took an artistic delight in the confusion she created and whose self-confidence and audacity enabled her time and again to skate over thin ice with safety.

Miss Mitchell lavishes her pains upon her heroine with a glance, as it were, at the reader, to the effect that this is an artificial creature but none the less alluring for that. Renée is, to be sure, an oft-depicted type, the flirt who lives by her daring, and Count Kardak, who alternately admires her and wishes to wring her neck, is an equally familiar figure of fiction. But they play their comedy out under new skies, and Miss Mitchell, by indulging in the ridiculous where probability irks her, supplies a melodramatic tinge to her tale

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This Week

I WENT TO PIT COLLEGE
By LAUREN GILFILLAN
Reviewed by Selden Rodman

SUCH IS MY BELOVED
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SMIRT
By BRANCH CABELL
Reviewed by George Stevens

VILLAGE TALE
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THE GREAT LAKES-ST. LAWRENCE DEEP WATERWAY TO THE SEA
By TOM IRELAND
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EPISTLE TO THE COLOSSIANS
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

AMERICA'S SOCIAL MORALITY
By JAMES H. TUFTS
Reviewed by Mauritz A. Hallgren

Next Week or Later

TABLOID BOOK REVIEWING
By ALICIA PATTERSON and CHARLES A. WAGNER

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Theodore Dreiser

(*Continued from first page*)

put in their place. As I saw it then, Dreiser came to his eminence through the eruption of free expression which characterized the artistic life of the twenties. Dreiser had the luck to be in the path of a movement, to be himself moving in the same direction, and so, by historical chance, to be swept into leadership.

Certainly this is partially true, but only a part of the truth. It was not till later when I had the advantages of perspective that I learned that I was mistaken in my estimate, and at the same time why it was inevitable that I should have made the mistake.

In 1923 or 1924 I got a job with Boni & Liveright, Dreiser's publishers. The firm was already installed in its brownstone house on West 48th Street, in the speakeasy zone, and was already earning its Bohemian reputation. In contrast to the restrained and polite atmosphere of Doubleday, Page & Company, things here were open and easy-going; there was little mistering and formality; five minutes were sufficient to establish a friendship with the use of first names; authors were not stalled in waiting-rooms but wandered from floor to floor and from desk to desk; it was always open house to new writers, new literary ideas, or to writers and ideas that had not yet come into their own; and it was also open house to hangers-on, men whose hooks were stock tips, and some women whose hooks were covert smiles.

The hospitality to new writers, however, was not the product of the late Horace Liveright's good taste. I found Mr. Liveright an impulsive, enterprising, and a generous man, filled with the peculiar money adventurousness and romanticism of the post-war boom period. But such taste as he may have brought with him into the publishing business had already been squeezed out by the opportunism that characterizes all business, the opportunism, for example, that leads some staid [illegible] publisher or two of his gambling streak. If his literary speculations included Waldo Frank, E. E. Cummings, Van Loon, Lewis Mumford, Eugene O'Neill, Robinson Jeffers, Hart Crane, Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, and Dreiser, they included as well Warner Fabian, Charles Pettit, and a mess of triviality and questionable sex "science."

It is easy to understand, therefore, the inevitable antagonism between an essentially cynical adventurer's nature like Liveright's and a nature like Dreiser's rooted in elemental respect for humanity and life. Even then I was told that Dreiser dealt with Liveright chiefly through Tom Smith, head of the editorial department, as he was afterwards to deal with him through the treasurer, Arthur Pell.

But, until the publication of "An American Tragedy," Dreiser was rarely seen in the office, a reticence which he shared with Eugene O'Neill, Cummings, and others, and which distinguished him from most writers who seemed to feel as if, from the publisher's office, by some mysterious emanation, their presence could be waved out to the general public.

When "The 'Genius'" was republished by Liveright after having been withheld by its original publishers and after acquiring a considerable whispered notoriety as a work of scandalous frankness, it became clear what a hold Dreiser had taken upon the American public. The sales far exceeded the publishers' expectation and the tone of the reviews, preoccupied at last with literary values and not with a concern over sexual incident, showed that the turn had come, that the opposition had been pushed into the minority.

"The 'Genius'" is regarded, even by Dreiser's advocates, as probably the poorest of his novels, though I cannot quite agree with Mencken's complete disparagement of it. It has the characteristic faults of Dreiser, looseness and awkwardness and continual and generally dull commentary, and it has these faults in fuller measure than in his other novels. But it has much of the virtue of Dreiser, the factual buildup of character and situation. In reading it I had the same experience as before, of reluctant and incomplete respect mastered by distaste. But now I had a new issue in my antagonism. I felt that in the presentation of Eugene Witla as an artist, Dreiser had betrayed the artist. He had yielded to the bourgeois conception of the artist as a weakling who surrenders to external force in repeated sacrifice of his aspirations to financial ease; and to his own animal force, letting himself fall under the sway of his senses. The fact that Dreiser himself refuted his presentation by putting the word "genius" in quotes was not sufficient. The contrast between Cowperwood of "The Financier" and "The Titan," and Eugene Witla of "The 'Genius,'" was the contrast in the mind of the American public, and it was clear that this contrast existed in Dreiser's own perception.

Yes, it is true that the sexual need, like that of hunger, is powerful enough to turn an artist out of his path and far out of his path; and that in the struggle between his woman and his art, the artist reaches the victor, if not torn to pieces, a mutilated prize. But what man living in the competitive world escapes mutilation? Even the best adapted types in our society, salesmen and stockbrokers, have disfigurements to show. The frustration of the artist comes from other sources; partly the general frustration in insecurity from which all men suffer in the later stages of capitalism; and partly from the artist's failure to reach his audience honestly and directly, a failure to which Dreiser should have been sensitive, since he came to his own audience by the crooked channel of a reputation for pornography.

Finally, I met Theodore Dreiser in person. His features had become fixed in my mind through my handling of hundreds of publicity photographs and leaflets, and jackets for the recurrent new editions of his books, all bearing reproductions of the same portrait which was perhaps his favorite and was always commented upon [illegible] breeding look. Nevertheless, when I met him he was large and loose, he had overhanging eyebrows, thick cheeks, heavy lips; he had a staring look, a shambling walk, and ungainly postures. Yet he was impressive, impressive by his bulk and the massive seriousness of his large, staring face.

In her book about Dreiser, Dorothy Dudley speaks of his artist's eyes and mouth. This is meaningless to me. My experiences have turned up no specific human types and have instead negated any preconceptions I had as to types. I have known good business men who were themselves undisciplined and did a thriving trade, with a cheerful lack of discipline in their quarters; and I have known other good business men in whose offices schedule and measure and rule worked down to the smallest detail; some who had no interests outside of their business, and others who were occupied with a score of outside activities; some who were reserved and laconic in their speech, and others who were confiding and talkative; some who had a commanding presence and others who were undistinguished. Among artists, too, there is no specific physical or mental type. All human diversity is represented in art. Gather a group of artists together and the gathering would, at first glance, be a disproof of the concept of an artist type. If Dreiser looks like an artist it is because his own consciousness of being an artist is expressed in his look.

This consciousness of being an artist was something that I felt at once, in his presence. It did not show itself as in some other writers in a steady epigrammatic chatter, nor in literary gossip, nor in any professional delicacy of statement, a delicacy maintained even in statement of the obvious. It showed in his disinclination for light talk, and when he did talk, in the unconscious solemnity of his speech. To Dreiser the artist is an interpreter of life, and interpretation is a serious calling. While, certainly, he must sometimes have smiled and laughed, I do not recall ever having heard him laugh, or seen him smile; and there is no laughter in his books. His hard childhood in a bankrupt's disintegrating home, his early assumption of responsibility must have choked up, as it did in other writers subjected to premature and excessive struggle, much of his probably natively limited capacity for gaiety; and it gave to the craft in which he was making his way, and for which early sufferings might be looked on as preparation, a corresponding gravity.

Later, when I observed the so-called "practical" or "peasant" side of Dreiser shown in his disputes over royalties, commissions, movie rights, and so on, and in his concern over the investment of his suddenly enlarged earnings, it did not disturb this sense of him. I felt he was protecting, in the manner most familiar in [illegible] would not have entered his expensive suit against the Paramount Film Company, in defense of his rights, and all authors' rights, to the disposal of their writings.

It was unfortunate that the little I saw of Dreiser came at a time when success had made him quarrelsome, and the quarrels were over rubbish. His success, that is its apogee, after the publication of "An American Tragedy," came at an unfortunate time, in the bloated years of the twenties, when the dollar conversion rate was applied immediately to every human act. It was clear that to Dreiser his name, like a listed stock, had risen to certain high market values; his sense of prestige had an exact money equivalent and he fought to have it met as he had fought Doubleday to have his "Sister Carrie" issued, and the John Lane Company to have "The 'Genius'" released. It must be added, however, that if he demanded a price, he demanded what was even more important, his inviolability as a writer. When Hearst was negotiating for articles on the Ruth Snyder murder case, Dreiser's demands included, in addition to a huge per word rate, complete freedom to write what he pleased.

But his preoccupation with the money value of his name made him suspicious and irritable. It was at this time, I believe, that this break with Mencken occurred. I heard him thundering in Liveright's office some time before the episode of the flinging of coffee cups.

It was then that he began his curious friendship with Arthur Pell, treasurer of Liveright, and a shrewd business man. Apparently Dreiser trusted him completely, liked him, and felt at ease with him. Whether they spoke of anything besides stocks and bonds, it is hard to say, though it is hard to see what other subject the two men would have been able to talk in common about. Pell was directing Dreiser's investments, and must have done it well, for I have heard that Dreiser was not much hit by the collapse of the market. Pell lived a careful life. He did not drink, and since to enter a discussion Dreiser required some liquor for a priming, and did not like to drink alone, someone had to be summoned from upstairs to toss off, in silence, a glass with Dreiser, and then march out, carefully shutting the door.

Up to then Dreiser had not paid much attention, I was told, to the format of his books; but now with limited editions turned into a sideline for young Wall Street brokers, and attention to the outside of a book having become fashionable, he gave heed to format, in his intent, brooding way, and to an extent which nearly drove Pete Gross, the manufacturing man, into a frenzy. Dreiser had no sure taste of his own in these matters; he would show sample covers and sample pages to his evening's company and as the company what he had never troubled about before, he began to demand supervision over the advertising and publicity and put through a provision that at least one advertisement on his books should appear in every issue of the *New York Times Book Review*. It was at this time that the longest contact I ever had with him, came about. I was called down to Pell's office to discuss a plan to stimulate the sale of the general list of Dreiser's books. He asked me to arrange with a friendly editor a general critical article on all his books, which would lead to a discussion which he thought would pull up the sale of his lagging volumes. He had begun to notice reviews of mine in the book sections and he suggested that I write this article myself. It was an awkward interview for me, for Dreiser seemed to have no suspicion that the man of whom he was asking this had not read more than one of his books through, and believed that Dreiser was getting more, not less attention than he deserved.

Recently I have come to understand the indifference and even hostility that I have felt from the beginning toward the work of Dreiser. In this I do not stand alone. A considerable section of the literary generation of which I am a part shares this feeling. It is based on a fundamental opposition in attitudes which has been carried, as we shall see, into another field.

Mr. Dreiser and his contemporaries began their work in America at a time when America seemed to be growing. The country seemed to them to be young and raw, and the civilization which was filling it had only to mature to become wise, and settled and pleasant. Its evils appeared to be roughness that could be sloughed off. Dreiser felt that by showing the terror and inhumanity of our life we could be stung into making the needed changes. Other writers of his generation believed in such possibilities of change and in their writings tried to exhort, scold, challenge, nag, or jolly the people into making the change. They had the reformers' point of view, and

Life Has Taken Many Shapes

By CLARENCE DAY

Life has taken many shapes
Since the days when men were apes.
One, the weirdest, shuns the strife,
And affects to sneer at life.

Some writers do not care
What readers think or feel.
"Let stupid folk," they sneer, "beware,
And let disciples kneel."
We reverently stare
At all they say and do.
They seem remote to us and rare,
Like rhinos in a zoo.

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it proved to be a futile one. The writers gained at least one victory, the destruction of the inhibitory Puritan standards of human behavior. The fruits of this victory went however to an enemy—to the exploiters of sex in the movies, in the cheap sex magazines, and in the tabloids. As a consequence of the long and arduous offensive of Dreiser, Anderson, Mencken, and others of their generation, it is possible for a few thousand people to read "Ulysses," but it is possible for a few thousand movie magnates and printers of nudity magazines, and cynical advertising men to anesthetize millions with the most potent drug outside the pharmacopeia, the stimulation of sex. It was not Dreiser's fault; but he failed to understand the civilization he lived in, to see the crisis it had come to. He never came to the realization that every discovery, every change in our life, would be seized upon by exploiters and turned into an instrument for demoralization, where even the heroism of a Lindbergh could be put to the uses of stock promoters.

My generation, and at least a large section of it consciously, began our work in America at a time when we knew that America was growing old, that the civilization that filled it was in its decline. We were aware of its stagnation, of its futility. We tried to escape from it, to secede from it. Our preoccupation with form was the result of our rejection of the content of our culture. It could not provide us with themes we could wish to use. Our typical medium of expression was the remote esthetics of magazines like *The Little Review* and the *Dial, Secession,* and *Broom.* The names of the latter two are significant. Our typical action was an escape into exile, in Paris, in North Africa, in Mexico, in Majorca.

In the last few years many of us have reached the conviction that Secession is impossible; that artists cannot live in isolation, cannot create a livable exile life. Participation was demanded of us by the very nature of our art, and there could be only one way of participating, in helping to overthrow a system in which artists in common with all men were frustrated and kept in economic subjection. There was only one step to take—to merge our literary revolution with the social revolution. We have thrown in our lot, most of us, as fellow-travelers of the Communist Party which offers the only thoroughgoing revolutionary program.

For a time Dreiser himself and Sherwood Anderson showed sympathy for the revolutionary movement. But it was a cautious sympathy. When the N.R.A. was formed, they breathed a sigh of relief and gave their advocacy to this new reformist effort to save capitalism. In this political alignment the difference between the two generations, the main-spring of their antagonism has become clear.

Before the publication of "An American Tragedy" Mr. Dreiser was at work on a novel, so far advanced as to have a title chosen, "The Bulwark," and a publication date announced, some time in 1925 I believe. It ran several seasons in the Liveright catalogue. This novel has never been finished. He has published other books in the meantime and, I have heard, has started two other novels. It is dangerous to make forecasts, but since, in this instance, it will be a pleasure to be proven a false prophet, I willingly make the venture. My forecast is that Dreiser's long looked for next novel will be one demonstrating the recuperative power of the American system. Upton Sinclair, the militant socialist, has become a Democratic candidate for governor in one of the most reactionary states in the union; Sinclair Lewis has discovered an artist soul in Babbitt; is it therefore beyond possibility that Dreiser, in his turn, will produce An American Comedy?

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Acknowledgments of Dreiser caricatures on first page: Covarrubias's from his "Prince of Wales and Other Famous Americans"; Gene Markey's from his "Literary Lights"; and Eva Herrmann's from her "On Parade."

A College Girl Goes to a Mining Town

I WENT TO PIT COLLEGE. By Lauren Gilfillan. New York: The Viking Press. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by SELDEN RODMAN

MANY of us have been waiting a long time for the book the Marxist critic wants. It would probably be a novel, they said. It would be about the working class and the class struggle. The communists would play a leading part in it. It would show up the horror of life for the workers under capitalism; it would be frankly sympathetic to the workers, but not sentimental. It would be about wage-slavery and starvation, police brutality and strikes, sell-outs and fake trials, negroes and white workers fighting shoulder to shoulder, boss-ridden "labor bureaucrats," company spies, and bland ministers. And its *locale* would undoubtedly be a mining town.

The last person, of course, to write such a book would be a young girl one year out of a smart Eastern college looking for "copy." And perhaps that will be one of the reasons the Marxist critics will not like "I Went to Pit College." Another reason they probably will not like it, is that while Lauren Gilfillan's deep sympathy is entirely with this class of human beings which our fine "free" economy treats with far less consideration than that accorded

THE WIFE OF THE REVIEWER, WITH TWO MINERS' CHILDREN

to wild animals—she is equally objective and frank in reporting the activities of the communists. The communists, to whom these desperate miners have at last turned, are militant, honest, idealistic, but woefully crude in their methods, spiteful and ineffectual.

The brave young author of this amazing book steps off a bus at Avelonia, one of the numberless dingy and poverty-stricken mining towns that surround Pittsburgh. She steps off the bus and, for a time, into the life of the community. With a selfless and almost naive simplicity that is both dramatic and absolutely convincing she tells the reader her story.

For a time Lauren is friends with everyone. A miner takes her into the pit disguised as a boy. She begs on the streets of Pittsburgh with the Young Communist League. She understands when a man steals from the woman who is giving him charity. It is right. But in the long run her position is a false one; she knows it.

> Each had his own theory about me. I said I was a writer. Writing for whom? I might be a communist, I might be a socialist, a capitalist, a stool-pigeon ... But first and last I was a foreigner, to be treated with hospitality, to be offered food and lodging, to smile with, to laugh at, to fall in love with—but never to be trusted.

"Seldom Seen," the inferno of this epic, is an abandoned mine town in which Lauren spends a single night. It is to this terrific chapter that a reviewer must have referred when he said that even the most incredible episodes "sound" credible. I visited this abandoned Golgotha last summer and asked one of the half-crazed inhabitants of its blackened shacks whether the owners ever came around. "Oh," she said, "a couple of lawyers came down from Pittsburgh two years ago. They took all the loose wire and window-panes from the houses and made us sign papers we wouldn't damage none of the property."

"I Went to Pit College" is an accurate piece of reporting with all the artistry and structural compactness of a fine novel. Its author never intrudes herself upon the reader, yet emerges, warm-hearted, strong, through the telling. Her occasional use of flowery metaphors seems only to lend an added reality to the tale. In the best sense, this book is propaganda: the truth, well told. And if such propaganda can have effect on a not too rational or humane people, it should move mountains!

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Selden Rodman is an editor of Commonsense.

The New Barbarism

(*Continued from first page*)

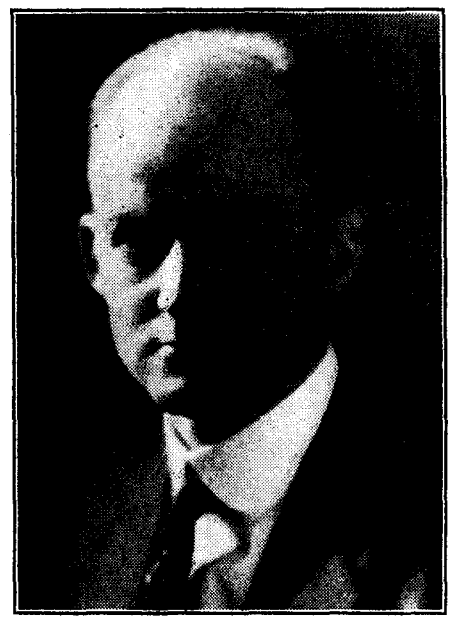
Let the blood of the bourgeois run in the gutter; let the kulak submit to the party line, and learn to like it. But even if we attain the apocalyptically promised classless society, Brother Niebuhr is afraid that some men will still be good and others evil (or, if you prefer, some better and some worse); some will still be clever and others stupid. Not even radicalism can establish a society in which "the conflict of interest and impulse can be finally and completely abolished."

All this looks rather cheerless, and what can we do about it? Nothing very agreeable. "For the next decades those who desire to make a moral choice between the semi-moral alternatives of politics must make a choice between hypocrisy and vengeance." About the best we can hope is that "Christianity may come to terms with the insights of Marxist mythology." But no matter what we do, this world will always remain pretty much of a vale of tears; and our frustrations can be compensated by nothing but that ancient remedy —the grace of God, and His peace that passeth all understanding; though not, apparently, the trade-marked brand of grace now dispensed by any particular form of Christianity.

Thus baldly summarized, it might seem that Brother Niebuhr follows the example of Roark Bradford's latest hero, and lands right in the lap of the sweet God Almighty King Jesus. But it must be observed that he does not fall back on transcendental consolations till he has done everything he can to improve matters in this City of Destruction. Probably the most useful effect of his book (if it can pierce the dogma-hardened hides of those who most need it) is precisely this reminder that even if the human race does all it possibly can, it may not get anywhere in particular. What you are going to do about that, after that, is a matter of taste and inclination; and it must be said for Mr. Niebuhr's solution that it has been found effective by many in times past.

The book is not easy reading, but it is courageous, often profound, and in the main free from illusion. But perhaps not wholly. We cannot, Mr. Niebuhr argues, do without a mythology of history; it cannot be absolutely true, do justice to all the detailed facts, but if rigorously held it will "tend to verify itself because it will direct the course of history toward an imagined inevitable goal." Historically, this is a sound scientific description; but if you are going to go in for a mythology of history on purely pragmatic grounds (which seems to be his contention) you had better try to see if it is going to be worth the cost. For mythologies of history become dogmas, and men are burned for questioning them long after they have become outworn.

Also he is much obsessed by the "logic of history." He seems to have lived through, and lived down, both Christian theology and Marxian dialectic; but the teleological interpretation is an almost incurable disease. Once a man has been infected with it he is likely to cling to the method even after he has got rid of the teleology. Brother Niebuhr is unable to envision any far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves, but he thinks he sees the logic of its present motion, in a short-range view. But from the evidence so far available it is at least a



REINHOLD NIEBUHR

tenable opinion that the logic of history, except in so far as men give it conscious direction, is not at present discernible; just possibly, it may be non-existent.

These may be only the carpings of a bourgeois rationalist, a myopic skeptic unable to grasp the act of faith by which men of all ages have managed to reconcile free will with predestination to their own satisfaction. But a reader who enjoyed Brother Niebuhr's book despite the mental wrestlings which its close-packed style occasionally required would recommend to him a study of Stapledon's "Last and First Men," a tremendous if sometimes turgid work, which suggests that the future may have more things in store than are at present dreamed of in either Christian or Marxist philosophy.

Sacred or Profane?

SUCH IS MY BELOVED. By Morley Callaghan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

MR. CALLAGHAN is one of that laudable company of American writers who in our time have heard the true American speech and taken it over into fiction, not as a dialect or as comic relief, but as a rhythm inseparable from English spoken on this side of the ocean. And I would add to his qualities as a story-teller an honesty in his depiction of the American scene which, though he has a sensitive and sympathetic heart, makes his novels and short stories seem often tough, rough, and brutal because, to his artistic sensibilities, the grain of life runs that way and must be so described. This novel, however, is tender, not tough, although two of its chief characters are prostitutes. It is the story of a saint-like soul in the handsome, full-blooded body of a young priest, and it recounts how with a baffling mixture of passion that is both human and divine, young Father Dowling becomes obsessed with Ronnie and Midge, spends his evenings in their rooms in the attempt to keep them off the street, learns from them the harsh economic necessities of prostitution, and struggles to reconcile hard facts with his religious theories and his faith. The setting is all here for a sociological-theological novel, but this Mr. Callaghan does not write. Even the admirable scene in which the bishop reproves Father Dowling for his indiscretion, turns not upon the argument as to whether love of the outcast is a corollary of love of the divine, but upon the bishop's own troubles of conscience when he chides Father Dowling for an outgoing of passionate sympathy which contains the essence of the zeal that made the church prevail in its youth. "Such Is My Beloved" does, indeed, attempt to be human rather than scientific, and if it is good sociology, it is better art. It is "The Song of Solomon" worked out in terms of a sordid industrial town, where a simple but not naive soul encounters once again the complexity of love which cannot be divine without being human and cannot be human without involving the inconsistencies and inconveniences of experience.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Good Reviewing Needs Good Reviewers

A literary journalist, snuffling along the trail for the scent of platitudes, as all conscientious critics should, came across a sentence long since written in this column, which seems to have brought him up with all four paws sliding. "Good reviewing requires, chiefly, good reviewers," was the sentence that set him barking, a statement paraphrased from the famous utterance on the return to a gold standard, often attributed wrongly to President Cleveland. It is a lucky writer who does not find it advisable to have recourse now and then to platitudes; but if, in happier times, this statement was a platitude, is it one now? For is not the storm of doctrines in which we find ourselves, blown hither, blown thither, in this winter of 1934 densely clouded with ignorance of the importance of the man who acts or writes? Not in our time has there been so much confidence in formulas, so much certainty that if the dogma is right the precise dogmatist chosen for the job is unimportant. Perhaps it is reaction against the unavailing endeavors of so many honest and able men in the years of the war's first wreckage that has led us to go back to the old Tory slogan: *If his ideas are right, never mind* about his abilities or his moral principles. Certainly such a statement is an exaggeration, an exaggeration responsible for hundreds of incompetents who, in this very difficult period of reconstruction and reform, are handling enterprises of which they know little with a sublime confidence that, because their intentions are good and their formula right, they will be successful. And outside of material affairs, private or public, in that field of criticism where the faithful hound was barking on the trail, how many students of Marxism, students of Fascism, students of psychoanalysis, students of the Frontier, students of everything but literature, have rushed in valiantly ready to settle every literary quarrel by a social dogma or an economic deduction or a psychological analysis.

Good reviewing is quite as difficult to obtain in its minor way as good government. Both fail when the principles are wrong, both fail, even when the principles are right, if the men that administer the doctrine are incompetent. It is not necessary to write oneself down a "rugged individualist" in order to believe in the indispensable necessity of highly effective individuals for any achievement. It ought not to be necessary to repeat such a commonplace of social philosophy, and yet at this moment ten thousand speakers and writers are assuming the contrary—maintaining that it is only necessary to enlist Marxism, God, the Social Credit Theory, the Corporate State, or faith in Hitler, to save a distressed world. The logical question would seem to be, Where are the good men, the competent men, the knowledgeable men, what are they doing, how can they be persuaded to save the state our way? But who asks it? President Roosevelt perhaps, and that is his strength, but surely no foreign dictator, no local spellbinder of dogmatic criticism.

And to come from states to states of mind, and from states of mind to the criticism thereof, are not good reviewers the only certainty of good reviewing? For unless history is even more misleading than the most cynical believe, the capable have most often chosen the right philosophy, and it has been safer to pick a good man and put him to work than to choose a theory and let the theory find someone to sign on its dotted line.

The radio broadcasts covering art in America from 1600-1865 organized with the cooperation of the Art Institute of Chicago and the Metropolitan Museum of New York, have been issued in an illustrated guide entitled "Art in America."

"TRILLING, WHERE THE DEUCE ARE THE NEWSPAPERS? THERE'S NOTHING TO READ IN HERE."

Letters to the Editor: *Literature and Individualism; Fabian Franklin on Money*

Replies to J. Donald Adams

SIR:—Havelock Ellis somewhere remarks that we can never get beyond the wisdom of Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to look for his father's asses and found a kingdom. We commend the remark to Mr. J. Donald Adams, who in his "Literature and Individualism," in a recent issue, seems to us to have got his asses and his kingdom thoroughly mixed up. He has confused, that is to say, ends or values with the aims which man as a thinking animal can legitimately shoot for.

It would seem to us that the Marxist point of view (speaking more metaphorically than Mr. Adams might) provides us with the asses. Mr. Adams condemns communist philosophy because it emphasizes material security. He asks: "Is security the most precious prize for which human beings may strive?" The answer is yes and no. Material security is a very poor end: it is the only really important political aim. And politically aims are all that can be considered. A group of men can no more pursue courage or individual integrity than they can pursue love or any other ideal value which life may hold.

From this point of view Mr. Adams and Mr. Bernard Smith, who wrote the original article "The Liberals Grow Old," are, so far as we can see, talking about entirely different things. The import of Mr. Smith's article was that liberalism, both in the political and literary world, lacked a program. Mr. Adams answered by maintaining that liberalism was rich in values. That may be true. But values without aims are very much like what Christians call faith without works. One needs both. Courage, we believe, is an equally hardy perennial. Lenin had as much of it presumably as, say, Sir Francis Drake.

JOHN DAVENPORT.

Saranac Lake, N. Y.

SIR:—Mr. Adams's essay, "Literature and Individualism," is so well reasoned that some of its faults should not pass without comment. Take, for example, the assertion that communism's promise of material security is a promise of a cowardly way of life; possibly Mr. Adams has failed to distinguish between security and idleness. Such simple insecurity as that of, say, frontier life doubtless brings out the "manly" virtues; but the complex insecurity of civilization is the cause more often of neurosis than of courage; it is wasteful and centers social interests in getting rather than in creating. It has often invigorated the arts with protest; but are there no better arts? Indeed, where people are absorbed in petty economic struggle, the individualism which Mr. Adams wishes to save is an individualism of action, not of ideals, and therefore has no significance that he would care for. . . .

G. J. WYCKOFF.

Mountain Lakes, N. J.

Dollars and Prices

SIR:—In his review of "Kemmerer on Money," Mr. Vanderlip expresses sharp dissent from Professor Kemmerer's views on several large questions, upon which he may or may not be right. But at the close of the article, he makes a charge of glaring inconsistency which is manifestly without justification. He finds it "odd" that Kemmerer, in discussing the commodity dollar, holds that "there is not a mathematical relationship between price changes and changes in the dollar's gold content," and yet in another chapter says that a 66⅔ cent dollar "might reasonably be expected to bring about a wholesale price level ten per cent higher than that of 1926, a general price level nine per cent higher," etc. But in the first case Kemmerer is discussing the efficacy of statutory bi-monthly adjustments of the gold content of the dollar, and in the second case he speaks of a result which "might reasonably be expected ultimately" from a permanent fixing of that content. The two questions are obviously quite different in character; and this of itself is sufficient to dispose of the charge of inconsistency. But even such slender basis as might yet remain for the charge does not exist; for Professor Kemmerer, in the passage quoted, is not giving his own forecast of prices, but merely giving the arithmetical consequences of a supposititious rise in the price-level. "The fifty per cent rise in commodity prices over the level of February, 1933, which the 66⅔ per cent rate might reasonably be expected ultimately to bring about" is what he is talking about; and it is mere arithmetic, and not economic opinion, that accounts for the "precise predictions" which Mr. Vanderlip finds so amusing. And it happens that Professor Kemmerer goes on to state his own belief that "within a few years the advance in prices would actually be much farther than these prices would suggest" and to indicate his reason for that belief. FABIAN FRANKLIN.

New York City.

Nude Ascending the Staircase

SIR:—Are you trying to "kid" somebody with your reproduction of "Nude Descending the Stairs"?

While I have never been able to make anything of this picture, though I tried to several afternoons when it was on exhibition at the Art Institute last summer, I do know when it is upside down, and in my copy of *The Saturday Review* it was upside down.

As a matter of fact, it looks just as well this way as right side up, but after all, even a cubist nude would probably rather be right side up than standing on her or his head, whichever the case may be.

Chicago, Ill. PAUL MOSER.

SIR:—The *Review* was in my mail this morning. As a subscriber I want to enter my quick and earnest support of the compositor or proofreader for his handling of DuChamp's "Nude Descending the Stairs." Perhaps it was an insinuation that "art for art's sake" is an upsidedown movement? But please do not scold anyone or discharge anyone.

I checked your picture with the *Art Digest,* Volume VII, No. 16: May 15, 1933, p. 25. F. B. BAXTER.

West Bend, Wis.

SIR:—Just mischievous? Good, clean fun and all that? Putting the descending nude in upside down seems to be the work of the same hand that caused you to publish a certain little poem called "The Flea." Remember? Blushing?

If the poor woman wasn't upside down, you had better tell the Art Institute of its egregious error last summer. *One* of you has the girl (?) "side-nown," as we used to say when we were very six.

Not that it makes any difference. . . .

Chicago, Ill. MARION WEST.

[*No, we were not having a little joke, it was a mistake. We were, in Miss West's words, very six ourselves when we saw it. The nude was put on her (or his) feet after the early copies of the* Review *were printed, and appeared correctly in the main edition. We are gratified to have such attentive, responsive, well informed, and good-humored readers as those who have written us about the egregious nude.* THE EDITORS.]

Any Reviewer to Any Editor

Now please, dear Mr. Editor,
When you must make a cut,
Do glance at what is left behind—
Just hear it creak and hear it grind.
And while you slash and say "Tut! Tut!"
Just have a look at what is left.
Is it bereft
Of punctuation's needed graces,
Or clause's yoke into its traces?
Have pronouns lost their parent noun,
And rhetoric disappeared thumbs down?

Yes, yes, dear Mr. Editor,
Do make your cut, if cut you must
Or proof space bust.
But cast your eye o'er what remains
And put a poultice on its pains:
A comma here, a period there,
Subject or predicate in the air,
Endings their beginnings seeking,
Thoughts their message slackly leaking.

Yes, dear Mr. Editor,
When you a cut must really make
Just re-peruse, for pity's sake,
To see if all will still be jake,
And give your humble scribe a break!

M. C. D.

The Saturday Review recommends

This List of Current Books:

THE FOOL OF VENUS. By GEORGE CRONYN. *Covici-Friede.* The tale of Peire Vidal, twelfth century troubadour.

WHILE ROME BURNS. By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT. *Viking.* Essays on a variety of subjects.

WINDOWS ON HENRY STREET. By LILLIAN D. WALD. *Little, Brown.* The autobiography of the head of the Henry Street Settlement.

This Less Recent Book:

BERMUDA. By HUDSON STRODE. *Smith & Haas.* A history and description of the island.

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The Two Cabells

SMIRT. By Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

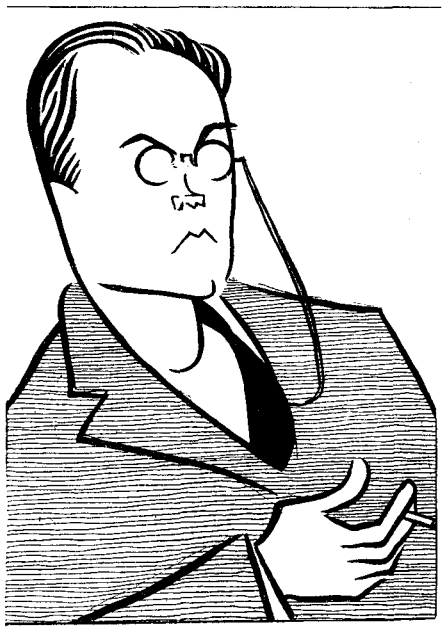
THE relationship between Branch Cabell and James Branch Cabell is still slightly obscure. Opposite the title-page of "Smirt," we find books listed by both authors; proceeding further, we see that "Smirt," although the work of Branch, is copyrighted by James Branch. We conclude tentatively that the distinction corresponds to that which psychoanalysts have drawn between the ego and the super-ego, or, more familiarly, that between broccoli and spinach.

The author's foreword explains that "Smirt," subtitled "An Urbane Nightmare," is the story of a dream: an attempt "to extend the naturalism of Lewis Carroll." Smirt himself, who has the dream, is a professional writer of urbanely romantic fiction; but we are warned that this is merely a device to irritate dullards: we must not, unless we are dullards ourselves, conclude that Smirt represents a third division of the author's creative personality. This is a pity; continuing the psychoanalytical division, Smirt would have emerged as Mr. Cabell's id. However, not to be outdone in urbanity, we will assume that Smirt is a fictitious character whose resemblances to the author are meaningless. But to return to the foreword:

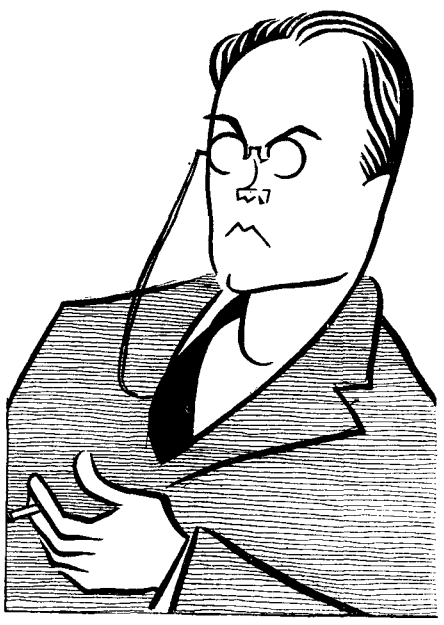
> Never [says Mr. Cabell] since 1871 had any English or American writer dealt with any complete and convincing dream completely and convincingly. . . . Lewis Carroll alone of our better-known realists had considered this huge field, this entire third of human life, with any seriousness or any veracity. And even this great pioneer had confined his explorings to the south temperate zone, as it were, in the callow, the sexless dreams of a child.

No doubt Mr. Cabell is aware that he is anticipating James Joyce's "Work in Progress." It may be open to question whether "Anna Livia" or "Smirt" does more to repair the sexlessness of "Alice"; it cannot be doubted, however, that Mr. Joyce makes the greater contribution to the literature of the dream. "Smirt" starts out very well; it looks like something new; there is even a paragraph which seems to be a parody of the Joycean dream, and quite a good one; there is an entertaining dialogue in which Smirt asks a sort of suburban Jehovah for his opinion of Shaw's "Black Girl." This is spoiled at the end by the attempt to palm off an eight-year-old joke; and the next thing you know, you are rereading "Jurgen."

For Smirt's dream, to all intents and purposes, repeats Jurgen's adventures. There are superficial differences; Smirt, of course, is an author, and he keeps meeting both his own characters and his admirers. This gives Mr. Cabell a chance to repeat what he has so often said in favor of beautiful prose, urbanity, and the rest; and also to let out what he thinks of interviewers, critics, and people who ask him to lecture. It really comes as a shock to see how little Mr. Cabell has changed during the last fifteen years of tumult and revolution. He still thinks that civilization is an attitude. The principal new development revealed in "Smirt" is the abandonment of the sexual symbolism of "Jurgen" in favor of a more direct terminology. One wonders whether there remain as many admirers of Mr. Cabell's art as in the days of "Jurgen," ready to defend it with cries of "Honi soit."



BRANCH CABELL
Drawn for The Saturday Review
by Irma Selz



JAMES BRANCH CABELL

To sum up, we can only conclude that Branch Cabell has been plagiarizing from James Branch Cabell. It is only fair to say, however, that Branch Cabell could hardly have undergone his previous incarnation without being—if this is the word we want—affected.

Little Black Boy

SALAH AND HIS AMERICAN. By Leland Hall. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

A GLANCE at this book will suggest to the casual reader that it is a travel book on Morocco, but if he reads it he will be rewarded in finding something much more — something, indeed, quite out of the ordinary both in content and in tone. One may assume that the story is a genuine—if embroidered—account of the author's experience during a period in North Africa; or it may be read as fiction,—with the fiction approaching truth, so convincing is the picture that is drawn.

This American traveller is already familiar in Morocco and able to move about freely as a friend among the natives, which adds interest to the background of his narrative. He is led by an oddly compelling human contact, and against his better judgment, into taking into his employ at the outset of his expedition a native, blackest of the black. Totally at loose ends, Salah is so clearly in need of a friend and a protector that all prudence and second thoughts are abandoned before his almost dumb but unforgettable appeal. The book recounts the experiences that follow: the adjustments—usually only half successful,—the attempts at semi-education, not academic but human, and the final concentration on one single aim. That is, the baffling effort to provide Salah with the tools of self-support and with its most elementary attitudes, so that he may not only subsist but discover and enjoy the uses of the freedom into which—by his runaway—he has emerged. This freedom is a conception almost unknown to him and in its results quite undesired by him. The conditions of its exercise are foreign to his whole mental trend, though he is capable in many ways, honest according to his lights, and devoted as is a dog. The patient master, however, feels himself working against strange, deep undercurrents in trying to lift Salah. There is a moving quality in the narrative of Salah's experiences and attitudes.

In addition to this main theme much may be said of the understanding sketches of natives and of native ways of living and tendencies of mind in these Moroccan cities. The author is sensitive to the poetic quality of the Arab mind, as well as to its naiveté and its limitations, so that he has been able to endow his book generously with values of varied kinds.

Sylvia Thompson's Story of London

BREAKFAST IN BED. By Sylvia Thompson. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by BENJAMIN W. ROSS

MISS THOMPSON is an accomplished novelist. This is the seventh book to her credit. It deals with a day in the lives of a comfortable family in London, the family of Sir Frederick Nicholson; in fact, the whole entourage, including the various servants. It deals also with the lives of several less fortunate families, one coming into brief contact with the Nicholsons.

There are Sir Frederick and Lady Blanche; Clare their daughter and her intellectual lover; the servants in the house; and the dreary lives of the Cashmores two streets off, at 11 Provost Buildings—but how different a locality from 59, Smith Square!—and their neighbors the Findlays. The book is cleverly planned to present in the earlier chapters the stirrings to life of the various houses—Clare is with Mark at his flat in King's Road, Chelsea—by clocked half-hour periods from the hour of 6.00 A. M. on. Sir Frederick is a dyed-in-the-wool conservative who has delivered a speech the evening before in Parliament upon "Communist Propaganda in Our Schools."

Clare is an emancipated young woman of the day. Her lover Mark, who wants to marry her, inclines toward political radicalism. Blanche is precisely the kind of wife Sir Frederick would have, wrapped in cotton-wool against any contact with actual life. The Cashmores are a struggling family with three small children. The Findlays are a mismated family with one precocious but bewildered child. Ruth Findlay, unbeknownst to her husband, has become the mistress of a prosperous German on his visits to England. Throughout the book we are given the constant contrast between the rich and the direly poor. Miss Thompson switches back and forth through the story of their twenty-four hours from one set of lives to the other.

Nothing terribly tragic happens in the end. But implicit in the narrative there is biting satire and a great breadth of understanding that reveals the pathetically petty aims of most of the lives, either petty because these particular examples of the affluent class have no slightest understanding of what the purpose of life might be, or petty in the sense that the others are so ground down by poverty that there is very little ahead of them. In between are the servants, pretty satisfied with their places in the scheme, but with no ambition toward anything else, save Mary, who wants to marry her Jim. They have their small compensations, such as Mildred's pet mouse and Mrs. Perrott's rose-satin nightdress.

Miss Thompson simply presents these lives. Clare, the spoiled child of wealth, develops humane feelings. Sir Frederick goes barging along as he would, and yet he too attains to a certain pathos at the end. We leave the Cashmores a little better off than at first and pitifully happy in a brief stroke of luck. Ruth Findlay has her evening out dining with her German at the Piccadilly and sleeping with him later. Little Amy, the Cashmore child, has a peep at the paradise of the rich. Clare decides that she *will* marry Mark, and tells her Father.

That is really all. But Miss Thompson writes her novel expertly, at times brilliantly. As Clare sees the faces passing in Regent Street:

> Looking at them you saw the signs of that curiously despairing alertness, the dreary tension of people sapped, drained, rotted inwardly by their own conventions, destroyed nervously by the fear of artificial dangers; worn out, even in youth, by fighting for the unnecessary, and struggling for the undesirable. In their minds and caused by the mental diet of their childhood, was the cancerous convention of *what they should be;* and to be so, what they should need, own, think, and, above all, seem.

More in that strain—and a very good more. Life was "simply a matter of getting round the corner fast enough, and when you were round it, finding another corner ('For that is Progress!' they hushed, crossing themselves) to get round."

This is not London only, in a deep fog; it is the Modern World, in a deeper; it is the point at which we have arrived in the process of what we call Civilization. As to whither we are going, Miss Thompson does not speculate. She records; and records as an artist.

A Winter's Tale

VILLAGE TALE. By Phil Stong. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

PHIL STONG has a way with two-word titles. "Village Tale" gives the exact flavor of the present novel, "village" in its close-bound gossipy circumscription, and "tale"—despite its factual realism—in the legend-like single sweep of its intent through the dispersed action. A tale told of a village where sombre, inbred passions smoulder slowly with no betraying smoke until they burst at last, suddenly, into destructive flame.

The tale opens on a winter's night. Out of the snowy darkness the habitual train-meeters emerge, stamping their chilled feet and blowing their misty breaths against the orange lights of the station lamps. The Kaydee from Keokuk will flash through on its mysterious way in a few minutes. The Kaydee may be a little late or very late, but the meeters are always there, warned by some vague, subcutaneous compulsion that the day's single break in monotony is about to occur.

Drury Stevenson is among them. No longer young, mean, embittered by his lack of success in a community where his fathers had been on an equality with the best, he sets about maliciously to fry his secret fish. He promotes his plots unscrupulously, doing evil with almost equal vigor whether it will profit him much or profit him not at all.

PHIL STONG
From a drawing by Schreiber.

Bolly Hootman is among them. He is to be a pawn in the cruel and brutal game that must be played, a pawn up to the last few moves when he is forced against his nature to take on a brief importance.

Slaughter Somerville is not among them. It is against him that the whisperings are directed; it is toward him that the gossiping threat moves. Loved and respected in this countryside circle, he maintains something of the attitude of responsibility of a squire toward his tenants in his relations with the neighboring farmers. But with his enemy Drury to tip the scales this way and that, to take advantage of every slightest circumstance, to push the town people into talk and action the ultimate significance of which they cannot even guess, Slaughter is drawn into the double triangle that intertwines most of the community. Fear and death break the grip of one of these triangles; common sense and love, the other.

The action of the piece takes place before the village back-drop that we know from other Stong novels. The humdrum daily living, the bright stretches of gayety, the recurring tasks that take their toll; the revival, the shivaree, the skating on the river by the bonfire light are worked into the warp and woof of the story.

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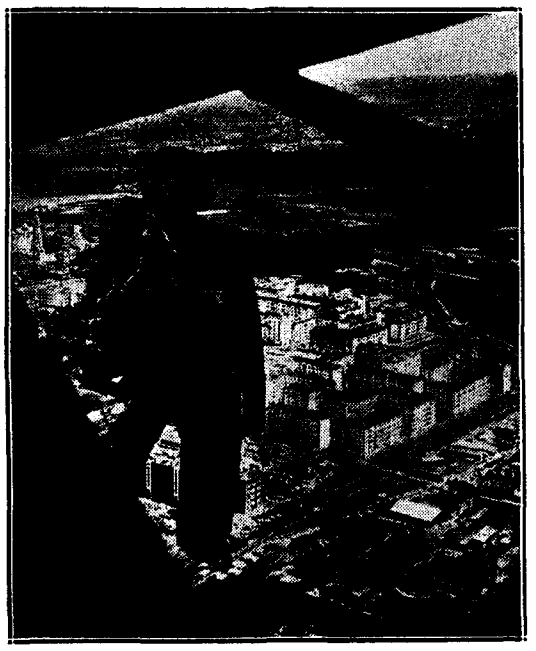
What We Can Learn from Soviet Russia

RUSSIA TODAY. By Sherwood Eddy. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.50.

MR. EDDY'S new book is composed of the talks which he gave in England last summer as the sixth in the series of Merttens' Lecturers. It follows his tenth visit to Russia—visits which began before the Revolution, continued as Y. M. C. A. Secretary for Asia, and more lately have been made as the leader of parties studying conditions in the U. S. S. R. It follows also an earlier work, "The Challenge of Russia," in which Mr. Eddy set forth arguments both for and against the present Russian régime, and its general purpose is to answer the question: "What may we learn from the Soviet experiment?"



A MOSCOW PHOTOGRAPH
BY JOHN HARTFIELD
From "The U. S. S. R. in Construction."

What we have, therefore, is neither the casual tripper's picturesque reporting nor the more or less adroit tight-wire walking of those who have made a literary business of the Russian Revolution and take good care not to kill the golden goose, but a mature and altogether sincere attempt on the part of an American of very considerable qualifications for the task, both to show what has been accomplished in Russia and what the Western world may find there profitably to imitate. Our own civilization, in other words, as well as Soviet phenomena, are put in the balance, and several of Mr. Eddy's chapters are as much a criticism of American shortcomings as they are an exposition of what is happening in Russia.

The chapter dealing with the treatment of criminals, for instance, contrasts Soviet theories of redemption, as opposed to mere punishment, with what has been accomplished toward reforming penal institutions in England and with our own almost medieval prison system. This in turn leads naturally to a consideration of crime—homicides, kidnapping, hold-ups, lynchings, and so on—in the United States, and to a brief but appalling array of American criminal statistics.

The chapter on a "unified philosophy of life"—and the Russians undoubtedly have achieved a forward-looking sort of philosophy, however we may disown or dislike it—brings in, naturally, Western philosophic disintegration and anarchy, and quotations from the dismal credos of Bertrand Russell ("brief and powerless is man's life, on him and all his race the slow, sure doom falls pitiless and dark"), Aldous Huxley, and various American critics and novelists.

A similar course is followed with the other subjects considered. You may prefer, in dealing with so complex and controversial a subject as Soviet Russia, the detached and frankly reportorial to the predominantly ethical point of view which comes naturally to Mr. Eddy. You may find his habit of throwing in quotations from all sorts of sources—somewhat after the fashion of *The Literary Digest*—a trifle cloudy and irksome at times. It must be granted, however, that he is well-informed, candid, without any axes to grind, and making every effort to get to the bottom of his subject.

Briefly, Mr. Eddy finds four main evils in the Soviet system, "the last three of which are so serious, so enduring, and so of the essence of communism itself that they would make it quite impossible for me ever to accept it." These evils are

> a paralyzing and ineffective bureaucracy, the essential denial of liberty, the danger of violence and compulsion especially in a seemingly interminable "continuing revolution," and finally a narrow and dogmatic basis, as illustrated by the dogmatic atheism and anti-religious zeal required of every orthodox communist or Party member.

These are disposed of in the first thirty-one pages of his book.

The eleven succeeding chapters discuss social justice and planning, a classless society, care of children, slum clearance and the elimination of unemployment, the revolution in agriculture, the new morality, religion, and in addition to the subjects mentioned in a preceding paragraph, give Mr. Eddy's interpretation of history as contrasted with that of Marx. The Communist Manifesto and the Jewish Problem are further considered in two appendices.

In most of the fields viewed in this second and main part of Mr. Eddy's book, he finds that the West has something to learn from the Russian Revolution and the new society that has grown out of it. It should, perhaps, be explained, for the benefit of those unfamiliar with Mr. Eddy's other books, that while his instinctive point of view is "predominantly ethical," he served without salary during much of his international Y. M. C. A. work, has travelled more persistently than most professional newspaper correspondents, and ever since the Revolution has been a close student of Russian conditions.

Chicago's West Side

ON THE SHORE. By Albert Halper. New York: The Viking Press. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

MR. HALPER here presents, as his second published volume, a collection of fifteen short stories set in the Chicago of his youth and young manhood. That Chicago, with its sights, sounds, and atmosphere is the author's best achievement. He has written about it in winter, spring, summer, and autumn; he has explored its side-streets and its main boulevards; he has caught its tempo and certain aspects of its atmosphere. Those who were, like Mr. Halper, brought up on its West Side, will respond to the nostalgic appeal of the scenes he has evoked; those who have never lived in Chicago will recognize their authenticity.

But an author's prime concern is character, and Mr. Halper's achievement in this small collection, in that field, is negligible. Here is the flat, monotonous prose that Sherwood Anderson inaugurated, the curious insensitivity to words side by side with a thoroughly sincere preoccupation with their power. And Mr. Halper's people resemble Mr. Anderson's to a point where they might easily be confused with them. Here again are the humble, the inarticulate, the simple of soul, the lonely, the wondering, presented with an integral sympathy which cannot be mistaken, with a plodding insistence utterly devoid of the slightest gleam of humor. We never learn what they think, but we are told that they do. No one could mistake a line of Mr. Halper's for anything but the expression of a deeply-felt, personal experience—yet there still remains the fact that his method never comes to grips with the emotion it seeks to objectify; it remains an impotent fumbling with the manifestations of emotion, not an effort at elucidating it, exploring it. It is the sort of emotional shorthand that, if reduced (and not very far), to its absurdum, would demand that we be moved by such a statement as, "Jack Gruber walked down the street; his father had died and he was all broken up."

The Seacoast of the Middle West

THE GREAT LAKES-ST. LAWRENCE DEEP WATERWAY TO THE SEA. By Tom Ireland. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by BENTON MACKAYE

BY March 14, soon after this review is published, the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Seaway Treaty of July 18, 1932, may be ratified—or vetoed—by the U. S. Senate. In either case that St. Lawrence question will be ahead of us. For geography, eternity, and the deep blue sea are all on the side of the thirty-foot advocates. A little ditch thirty feet deep, eighty feet wide, and a few miles long is all we need to put the Mid-West on the seacoast. Not for long in terms of statecraft can the cohorts of Canute delay this entrance of the waves.

Such is the message implied in Mr. Ireland's interesting forensic to the American people, even if his reasons are of the usual (and dismal) economic variety. He advocates a second surgical operation on the continent of North America (another Panama). It would take seven years to complete, and at a net cost (to the United States) of 126 million dollars. What are the rewards in terms of health and happiness? Mr. Ireland, alas, does not discuss this question. He talks about business instead. He seems to think, in the usual (and dismal) fashion, that the business man's welfare coincides with the average man's welfare. He talks in the frank language of Babbittry, with the Seaway for his "Main Street." But in spite of this one can dig from his report the scheme's geography, its claims and its issues, and come to one's own conclusions.

Here are the significant geographic facts. The St. Lawrence is in northern latitudes: it is open only seven months in the year, but just the months when the railroads need a lift in the rush of traffic. There are five major grain areas on earth—Russia, India, Australia, Argentina, Mid-North America. The last, which is the biggest, is the only one not open to the sea. One ton-mile by rail costs about as much, in the long run, as ten ton-miles by water. An all-water access from Great Lake ports to ports in Europe and South America would cut in half the present cost of shipping in part by rail. The efficient location of a seaport is as far inland as possible; Duluth is farther inland than New York. The U. S. coast line would be increased thirty-five percent by means of the St. Lawrence Seaway.

The scheme, as noted before, is a matter of continental surgery. A natural waterway exists from Duluth to Newfoundland; it is 2,339 miles long, five sixths of it is deep enough for ocean-going vessels; it contains eight bottlenecks of various depths from fourteen to thirty feet; they are at (1) Sault Ste. Marie, (2) St. Clair River, (3) Detroit River, (4) Welland Canal, (5) Crysler Island, and (6) Barnhart Island (in the International Rapids section near Ogdensburg, N. Y.), (7) the Beauharnois and (8) the Lachine sections (near Montreal). The heart of the whole project consists in the canals to be deepened around Crysler and Barnhart Islands—a total of eight miles. In these canals some 2,200,000 water horsepower would be developed, half by the Province of Ontario, and half by the State of New York.

What results are claimed for this continental surgery? It would save the grain trade of the United States by placing it on equal terms with that of the other great grain producing regions of the world (Russia, India, Australia, Argentina). It would save, or vitally aid, the Mid-West farmers now strangled by excessive rail rates. It would stimulate our depleted merchant marine. It would stimulate new manufactures in the Great Lakes hinterlands and thereby relieve congestion in the big Atlantic centers.

The heart of the opposition (geographically speaking) comes from two cities: Buffalo elevator owners would lose in their grain transfer business; New York merchants and bankers would lose in their various giant toll-gate enterprises. "The revenue of New York banks for handling export documents from Detroit alone in one normal year is well over $5,000,000." Opposition occurs in Chicago on account of the city's own interests in the Diversion Canal; general rivalry in port development is registered in Philadelphia, Boston, and Portland, Maine. But New England as such and "Up-State" in New York favor the proposition. Some of the railroads may squeal at the thought of being taxed to help pay the Seaway bill, forgetting about that empire (equal in area to Germany and England combined) that was once handed out in federal land grants.

But the "dynamite" of opposition (institutionally speaking) appears to lie deep in the waterpower situation on both sides of the line—in the power companies in New York State and in those in the Province of Quebec; in other words, our dear old friend the power trust fears correctly that the germs of successful government operation by the Province of Ontario will blow across the River into the U. S. A.

Except for this waterpower matter, and except for the help to farmers who really earn their meagre profits, the issues discussed are largely those of one group of Babbitts versus another. The dream set forth is the same old dream—of towers and empire and El Dorado. The Great Lakes cities, Mr. Ireland tells us, should become "great terminal ports." The implication throughout is that business welfare and general welfare are coincident. Would there indeed be a few "great" ports—or many "ungreat" ports? Would centralization result—or decentralization? Mr. Hoover is referred to as claiming for the enterprise a "better distribution of population." But how? By what plans? None apparently but the Seaway: then let the devil take the hindmost. No dreams for a better laid-out civilization—but just the same old "more." However, aside from this usual (and dismal) emphasis Mr. Ireland's book forms a valuable record, one teeming with detailed information and awakening big-scale thoughts.

Benton MacKaye has been an investigator for the Regional Planning Association of America since 1923. *He is the author of "The New Exploration."*

Quips and Cranks

(*Continued from first page*)

in the vengeance which Max's neglected wife takes upon her rival, and the suspicion which Count Kardak cherishes that his daughter-in-law has committed murder. As for ourself we'll admit that despite Count Kardak's plausible deductions as to the doing away of Renée we were taken by surprise to discover even so much of his hypothesis to have been correct as

MARY MITCHELL

proved so. But then Miss Mitchell nowhere pretends that her plot has any basis in reality. And certainly she has given it an unexpected and clever twist.

As to that fate which in the end befalls Renée, that fate which should be a warning to all wantons, it caps a sophisticated book with an end amusing and romantic. Miss Mitchell's tale never pretends to be other than artificial, but it is suavely and wittily told, and spiced with entertaining malice. A light-hearted book that makes pleasant reading.

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The Bowling Green

Epistle to the Colossians

LETTERS dropped in the mail chutes at the top of the Empire State Building fall so far and so fast that they must be slowed down to prevent scorching. At the 65th and 38th floors (so I once read in a newspaper article) there are devices to retard the drop. When I think about New York, and the grotesquely accelerated behavior some of us show, that seems symbolic. Surely we need occasional slow-down devices or zones of pause, to avoid burning up. The Three Hours for Lunch Club was founded for that purpose, but I fear its influence is not very wide.

An expert English observer of political doings, who was in charge of urgent relief works during the War, remarked the other day that in Washington lately she had seen the affairs of peace proceeding at a war-time pace, and men exhausting themselves in fatigue and pressure.

My own recourse when I find excitements too intense is riding in the subway. It is the most interesting cloister in New York, for it is there that one is most alone. Only two or three times, in twenty years of subway travel, have I ever met anyone I knew. One is completely and blissfully anonymous; and what a gallery of portraiture. What a school, also, of good manners. Physically the conditions are not ideal, but mentally the subway passengers are well bred. No one dreams of forcing his ideas upon you, of interrupting your meditation or trying to get you to sign books or read manuscripts. The subway is perfect spiritual privacy.

I am reminded, irrelevantly, of the grand saying attributed to Mrs. Patrick Campbell by Alexander Woollcott in his mischievously witty book *While Rome Burns*. Mrs. Campbell, congratulated on her marriage, said how pleasant it is to sink back "into the deep, deep peace of the double-bed after the hurly-burly of the chaise longue."—And now I see in the paper that the young Emperor of Manchukuo began his reign with three days of purification and thought. (He'd better take it while he can, for the destiny of a buffer state is not always easy.) It suggested to me also to stay away from the office today and meditate these things. But so subtly infectious is the damned tohu-bohu it becomes as alluring as tipple. One wants to begin telephoning around and find out what's going on. Nothing is so admirable as to see our own G., sweet-natured mistress of the switchboard, when calls begin to rise to the forenoon peak and perhaps she has also a lap-full of Personals correspondence to deal with at the same time and some Visiting Fireman is looking through the little hatchway (like Shere Khan at the mouth of the cave in the grand old *Jungle Book* picture) and the whole excitement and *brio* of the publishing season seems to be coruscating around her small corner. I myself am very likely a bit haywire at that moment, maybe it's the day when the Book of the Month Committee meets, but I catch G's eye and we both burst out laughing. "Well, Gittel, life gets a bit complicated," I remark, and she replies, "Yes, but we have fun." And we agree that not even her famous sister-in-law, who is General Johnson's secretary in the N.R.A., can be any busier than ourselves. The world of books and magazines may be small potatoes in turnover but it is enormous in comedy.

⁂ ⁂

It seems to be much the same in most offices; and not only in offices but in domestic and social life too. Perhaps *thought*, in any strong intuitive sense, is gradually being eliminated. Often a whole day will go by without anything that can properly be described as cerebration. And certainly there are many writers who have mistaken for thought what was only bad temper. Perhaps purposeful and intentional thinking is overestimated. I wonder if economic processes can be reduced to simple diagrams of physics as a recent able book pictorially suggests. I wonder about "planned economy." (I'm just wondering, not concluding.) I find that many believe Franklin D. Roosevelt to be a great leader not for any far-reaching schemes of rehabilitation but because he seems to be flexibly opportunist. Perhaps the Great Man is not so much he who imposes his will on the Time, but the one who divines the destiny of the Time and lets it impose on him. The danger of such a course is in too sudden and impulsive decisions where the event is subject to hazard. When a fleet was sent to Cuba there was great danger of evil chance; it didn't happen. In the air-mail decision, it did. A blizzard has been the only serious reverse the administration has had in its first year.

⁂ ⁂

Perhaps bookstores are not sufficiently appreciated as slow-down devices or zones of pause. They are rarely crowded; even the humblest of them always has something one hasn't read and which may well startle the mind. Publishers and editors and reviewers have mostly too little time to think; booksellers perhaps too much. It seems odd to me that the bookseller doesn't try to do more of the publisher's thinking for him.

Last night a group of men were discussing the general hysteria of the present age; the great rapidity with which all means of communication have outrun the value of whatever we have to communicate. (I must re-read Kipling's Bandar-log, one of the greatest of satires.) It is even significant that News was once called Intelligence; but not so often nowadays. In our anxiety to talk constantly with all parts of the world, by cable, radio, telephone, and news-print, we almost forgot the best kind of talk there is, with one's self. The bookseller has that chance; I wish we heard more of his musings.

By chance I discovered another place of pause. On Sixth Avenue near 47th Street, unspoiled and uninfluenced by the eccentricities of that neighborhood (the Bowery of uptown), is a demure little bazaar of notions and dressmaking materials. A bookseller friend was leaving, in snowy weather, for vacation in Mexico, and I thought to buy her a handkerchief in case of rheum. I went into this delightful elderly place where you recognize the muslin and linen smells of shops you visited in childhood with your mother. There are dress patterns, scissors, ribbons, spools of thread, Victorian underwear, all sorts of feminine falbalas and fixtures. Gentlewomen of established mien serve you with an air of soft surprise; and best of all, there are the antique cash-carriers that sing on overhead wires back to the cashier's cage. I begged permission to pull the handle and ejaculate the money myself. I hadn't worked one of those air-line carriers since I was a young clerk in the original Old Corner Book Store in Boston. The haberdash ladies said they would let me do it again, so I shall solicit my family for small millinery commissions.

A thought in my mind lately has been, if I were going away from New York and might not return, what would I most wish to remember? The motto for such a memorandum would be appropriately, in the Epistle to the Colossians: "Yet am I with you in the spirit, joying and beholding your order . . . the head of all principality and power." I think of a photograph printed in the *Herald-Tribune* in October 1932 showing a line of workmen, in a warm autumn lunchtime, sitting at ease on an awful girder over 800 feet of space at the top of the RCA building. I think of those superb photographs of the city taken by Samuel Gottscho which M. K. showed me—pictures which specially show the strange light-effects of our Babylon and make one see our heights and distances with new eyes. The camera with its art to hold the moment in spell, to drench it in crystalline streams of stillness, suggests the sadness that is inherent in every glimpse of beauty. The lens of the eye can also summon up those visions of millennium when we have seen (gazing aside hastily at the wheel of a hurrying car) the East River from the Queensborough Bridge, in a pinkish dusk; or pigeons near the City Hall and people strolling in the noonday pause; or lights reflected in Central Park reservoir on a night of fog. Or would it be the strange silence of Riverside Drive in a summer dawn, broken only by the chirp of crickets and the ambling hoof-clops of milk and roll deliveries? Sometimes in middle darkness, below Riverside, one is startled to hear the shrill heroism of cock-crow. Even in the fatal coops of the poultry-train, waiting on the New York Central freight-track, bruised and weary chanticleer has heart to salute the turning planet. Nor would I forget the glimpse of Manhattan's peaks seen from far out on the Northern Boulevard of Long Island. From twenty miles away, as the car comes over the rise between Roslyn and Manhasset, you see them glitter toward the morning, and wonder what the Colossians are doing today. Strange Etruscan and Babylonian touches in her design are part of her oddity; humorous ingenuities too: once on the Manhattan Bridge I applauded an advertiser who had rigged a huge electric coffee-cup sign so that the exhaust rising from someone else's chimney behind it made the imaginary coffee steam with savor. *Verweile doch, du bist so schön,* I have said to her a thousand times in pauses of amazement; but I would not idealize her in memory.

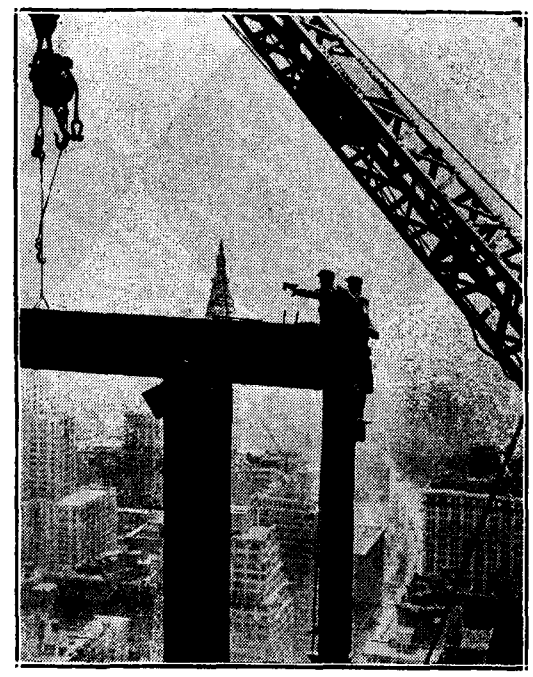

PHOTO BY LEWIS W. HINE
(*From* Men at Work, *Macmillan*)

⁂ ⁂

"No Other Night"

Sir:—Having read *Aphrodite* this week the talk turned to the customs of Alexandria, and from there, I know not how, to Swinburne. I read some aloud and we came to a line "No other night will hold such bliss." We rather liked this and were discussing it when some diabolical soul challenged B. to write a triolet using that as the key line. The wager was another bottle of Burgundy, so B. felt obliged to accept:—

No other night will hold such bliss,
No other dawn together find us;
Since your last kiss was a farewell kiss
No other night will hold such bliss.
How many times have we both wailed this
On leaving other loves behind us—
"No other night will hold such bliss,
No other dawn together find us."

Isn't that a graceful irony?

Ginna.

Ohio.

⁂ ⁂

Roast Pig

Sir:—February 10th was the birthday of Charles Lamb and I had the privilege of doing honor to his memory by partaking of a feast of roast suckling pig in the very flat in the Inner Temple where Charles and Mary Lamb lived and together penned their immortal "Tales From Shakespeare." My hosts were Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Selden, the present occupants of the Lamb flat—Mr. Selden is London correspondent of The New York *Times*—and there were five of us to do honor to the pig. As we "fleshed maiden teeth" in Lamb's greatest delicacy we of course read the famous "Dissertation."

Mrs. Selden had arranged with her butcher to procure as small a suckling as possible, but when it arrived, it turned out too big for their oven. Nothing daunted, Mr. Selden took the pig under one arm and set out for Simpson's-in-the-Strand where he had it roasted and brought it back, by taxi, in time for our feast. Everything was perfect: the crackling just the right brown hue and the flavor of a surpassing subtlety. There was little left on the dish for the spirit of Charles Lamb, who, we felt certain, must have been with us that night. I had not enjoyed roast suckling pig for nearly seven years, since the time when I was living in Paris and often dined at that fine restaurant near the Odéon, *Cochon au lait,* where the sucklings are done to a delicate brown before a wood fire.

Since I wrote you an account of that first luncheon meeting of the Wine and Food Society, with its Alsatian fare, the Society has just had its first dinner, a Savoyard menu appropriately prepared at the Savoy Hotel. A kinsprit whose opinion I value, Guy Innes, Australian journalist and gourmet, made my mouth water telling me what I missed by having to work that night. Particularly, they had two wines never previously served in England which were specially shipped for the occasion—*Roussette de Seyssel,* 1931, a white sparkling wine drunk locally in Savoy, and *Royal Chautagne,* a sparkling Rhône wine from Seyssell, a favorite of the great Brillat-Savarin. They also drank *Châteauneuf-du-Pape* (with its memories of Avignon!) and the pièce de résistance was *Poularde de Bresse* (see Brillat-Savarin).

Thurston Macauley.

London.

⁂ ⁂

"Please tell Mr. Horn of Nashville," writes O. U. P., "that *Spiced Round* is by no means peculiar to his locality. It is a regular feature of Christmas and New Year celebrations in Virginia, to which I myself was brought up to believe it peculiar. (We did not have it in Maryland, where I was born.) In England it is known in Buckinghamshire and Norfolk, though not regarded especially as a Christmas dish. I seem to remember hearing of it even in London."

⁂ ⁂

"Ole possum's up a gum tree," where
In its top branches grow,
So much like rounded tufts of hair,
Dense clumps of mistletoe.

These clusters serve as his disguise,
But I should like to know:
Is playing possum ever wise
Beneath the mistletoe?

Arthur W. Bell.

⁂ ⁂

Answer to Correspondent:—Yes; C. E. Montague; but bring copy in here and let's discuss.

Christopher Morley.

A centenary exhibition of the works of William Morris, who was born on March 24, 1834, has been opened at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. In it are the Great tapestries of the Holy Grail made for Stanmore Hall, an enormous carpet, the Kelmscott dining table, Morris candlesticks, the painted wardrobe that was Burne-Jones's wedding gift, and other objects.

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Moral Dilemmas

AMERICA'S SOCIAL MORALITY. By James H. Tufts. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

PROFESSOR TUFTS does not say that the moral restraints which American society imposes upon its constituent interest-groups and individual members have become insufficient either because they have been outgrown or are breaking down under the impact of new social forces. He does not argue that in cases where these standards or values have begun to weaken other restraints should be set up, or that for the mores which are no longer effective written laws and the police power of the state must be substituted. In fact, he is not "chiefly concerned to record what is," nor does he "assume to declare dogmatically what ought to be"; for the one method would be dull, and the other "would seem to be presumptuous." He contents himself instead with an exploration of "the factors that are causing strains and tensions," and an interpretation of the "conflicting forces and demands which give rise to genuine moral dilemmas." Yet, with all his caution and conservatism, he pointedly raises a number of questions bearing directly on the present terrific struggle between liberty and authority.

Discussing "what the American citizen values," Professor Tufts declares:

> Since economic power is doubtless the strongest in present civilization, except in war times, and since it touches all of us, it would be strange if monopoly and speculation, prosperity and unemployment, government control versus unlimited freedom of enterprise, were not in the public mind. But this is far from saying that the American people are all moved by money or the love of it. With many the prevailing interest is that of justice; with others that of resentment at the control of living conditions by the powerful few. With others it is another form of the old democratic ideal —the "American dream."

Having established in this and other chapters that the economic interest is dominant with the American people, though not their sole interest, Professor Tufts sets out to explore the various moral dilemmas besetting us. Much that he discovers is neither new nor especially profound. We have long known that "the mores of the United States strongly approve work and condemn idleness," and we have long been acquainted with the historic and other reasons therefor. Nor does it seem of great importance, even when the factual evidence is brought up to date, to be told that most Americans have not yet learned how to amuse themselves, that commercial control of some of our amusements "has yielded sorry results," that the American suicide rate is an indication of "social disorganization," that class lines are fluid in the United States, that the American mores still offer stubborn resistance to a civilized solution of the race problem (though the author errs, perhaps through ignorance of the facts, when he contends that a triumphant revolution by the working class "offers no hope for a minority race"; the remarkable experience of the Russian minority races under the Bolsheviks provides direct proof to the contrary), that our conception of the institution of marriage is not that of the more emotionally stable Europeans, or that organized crime in America either controls the police and the courts or exists by their connivance. We might have profited more had the author elected, even at the risk of appearing presumptuous, to sum up his interpretations in the light of the difficulties and needs of American society as a whole. Instead he has, except in a most general and offhand way, permitted each moral dilemma to stand by itself, as though the problem of social morality were not the sum of its constituent parts.

When he turns to the moral problems of business, industry, and government, and to the present attitudes toward property and wealth, Professor Tufts reaches closer to the heart of the larger issue. And he must perforce do so since, in his own judgment and in fact, economic questions loom largest in the American public mind. While he feels that business and industry have achieved some good under such moral restraints as they themselves recognize, he also presents an abundance of evidence to show that they have fallen far short in many essential respects. The dominant business-industrial class has been a law unto itself. During the depression, however, "business and industry were without plan or wisdom. Liberty had proved inadequate to prevent catastrophe." Hence Professor Tufts insists that "the need of an ordered control of the economic process is coming to be felt as imperative, not for the sake of this or that class, but for the life of the nation itself. A new philosophy is called for; perhaps it is in the making."

But here we begin to consider the question of substituting legal for moral restraints. If in the complexities of life that seem to threaten us on every side in this industrial age our moral attitudes and values, the product of centuries of social growth and civilizing influences, are no longer sufficient to assure us of life, liberty, and happiness, shall we seek some other and more effective means of obtaining that assurance? If so, what means? Clearly there is no alternative to the employment of the organized force of society, that is, to the state and more particularly its police power. The author himself recognizes this. "To protect citizens," he writes, "against food adulterations, worthless stocks and bonds, irresponsible banks, exorbitant rates by rail, and public utilities requires a strong, not a weak, government." Gambling, he declares in another chapter, "is out of place in a civilized society. And until the mores have recognized this fact the more consciously directed agencies of society may well discourage it." Again, "The deeper question raised by the movies is whether the people can continue to entrust so important an educational and recreational agency to commercial auspices, actuated solely by the profit motive."

At bottom, therefore, though he does not plainly say so, Professor Tufts believes that the state should be strengthened to offset the weaknesses in our moral system. However, he suggests, on page 214, that the higher ends of American society are democracy, liberty, equality, and prosperity. It is conceivable that the chances of achieving equality and prosperity are better under a strong man than a weak state, but the chances of saving either liberty or democracy, which in essence are the same, are very thin indeed. Representative democracy, a form of political organization in which the individual is given the ballot as a weapon with which to guard his liberties, stands somewhere between anarchy, in which there is no state and the individual has complete freedom, and absolutism, in which the state authority is supreme and the individual has virtually no freedom. Every move toward a stronger state must limit the value of the ballot to the individual and lessen his freedom, for thereby the authority of society collectively is being increased at the expense of the rights and liberties of the individuals who make up society. It is difficult, therefore, to understand how either liberty or democracy can be preserved if we continually strengthen the authority of the state.

Liberty and democracy thrive where moral restraints are sufficient to protect the individual in his freedom except in so far as his individual acts may be injurious to the interests of society as a whole. When these restraints fail to protect society, there inevitably arises a demand that they be replaced by legal restraints. But when we have resort to the authority of the state, our individual freedom must suffer. This is the real moral dilemma confronting the American people today. It is to be regretted that Professor Tufts did not develop this point more fully in his study of the "dilemmas of the changing mores."

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A Gallery of Americans

THE DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Dumas Malone. Volume X: Jasper-Larkin. Volume XI: Larned-MacCracken. Volume XII: McCrady-Millington. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. $12.50 *each.*

Reviewed by Allan Nevins

THE three latest volumes of the indispensable D. A. B., edited by Dr. Malone with the same admirable scrupulousness which the late Dr. Allen Johnson gave to the task, contain a half-dozen articles of the first importance. Easily foremost stands the thirty-column essay on Lincoln by James G. Randall of the University of Illinois. It is a shrewd and painstaking exposition, offering full attention to weaknesses as well as strength, summarizing what now seems to be the final judgment on the numerous controversies, and giving ample attention to the private aspects of Lincoln. Next to it in interest come the articles on Lee and Jefferson. In the former Douglas S. Freeman displays the expertness to be expected in the author of a four-volume biography shortly to appear. His verdict is that Lee's "one great weakness was his inability to shape contrary minds to his purpose"; that his position as the greatest American strategist would be clearer had he not thrice yielded to Longstreet's obstinacy and accepted the second-best plan. Dr. Malone brings assiduous scholarship to bear on Jefferson in an essay slightly longer even than that on Lincoln, and emphasizing his versatility. All the Johnsons are here, and Andrew Johnson has full justice done his courage, his vision, and his tactlessness by St. George L. Sioussat.

Longfellow is here, in an essay by W. C. Bronson as gentle as the man. So is James Russell Lowell, happily awarded to the urbane and cultivated hand of M. A. DeWolfe Howe. So is Sidney Lanier, discriminatingly but kindly treated by Edwin Mims. One is glad to see such men, who have suffered too much from the gibes of younger critics, discussed in the light of their times and aims rather than ours. Candid severity has its place in a biographical encyclopædia, but it is best reserved for such figures as Henry Cabot Lodge. It is refreshing to read William B. Munro's judgment that he was "ruthlessly vindictive"; that "his breadth of view was frequently warped by personal grudges"; that he "was not always frank and sometimes took refuge in sophistry"; that "as a practical politician . . . he was not always scrupulous of the means," and that his books were "marred by increasing partisanship."

The latest volume "McCrady to Millington," is not only one of the most interesting but one of the evenest. It deals with two Presidents, McKinley and Madison, with two great constitutionalists, John Marshall and George Mason, and with one eminent writer, Herman Melville. All five of these essays are ably executed. It may be questioned whether Frederic L. Paxson is not too severe upon McKinley. Dr. Julius W. Pratt has little that is good to say of Madison as a war President, and concludes, like other students, that by far his best title to fame is his work as architect of the Constitution. But he makes Madison, for all that Washington Irving called him "but a withered little apple-John," an attractive personality. As for John Marshall and George Mason, they stood on opposite sides of the great question presented by the submission of the Constitution which Madison did so much to frame. Yet Dr. E. S. Corwin and Miss Helen Hill, in their respective sketches, demonstrate how sagacious and far-sighted each man, in his own way, was.

As in previous volumes, it is the papers on minor figures which are most interesting and (since many will never get any such extended and careful treatment elsewhere) most valuable. We need only mention a few. There is Pierre Lorillard, who bred trotters, made Newport a yachting centre, and founded the town of Tuxedo; Charles A. Lindbergh, a fiery progressive and the author of a book on the money trust as well as the father of a somewhat well-known aviator; Christopher Ludwick, who was superintendent of bakers in the Continental Army, and who, penetrating the British lines in disguise, organized something like a mass-desertion among the Hessians; Mrs. Frank Leslie, who took over her husband's publishing business in 1880 when it consisted of $300,000 in debts, and made a fortune; Leslie E. Keeley, who devised a method of treating drunkards, and at twenty-five dollars a week each cured some 250,000 of them—becoming a millionaire; Marshall Jewell, whose efficiency and honesty as a member of Grant's Cabinet led a disgusted politician to remark, "Why, he runs the postoffice department as though it was a factory!"—and who was soon invited by Grant to resign; Heber C. Kimball, the Mormon leader who received the doctrine of polygamy with a "mental anguish" but accepted it so wholeheartedly that he attained to forty-five wives and sixty-five children; George Gordon Meade, who could win a victory but could not follow it up; there is Brander Matthews, who did so much to give the country well-made instead of loose-jointed plays; Adah Isaacs Menken, of "Mazeppa" fame, admired by Swinburne and Dumas *père,* but perhaps not so sensationally immoral as her press-agents wished the world to believe; and William Holmes McGuffey, whose readers moulded the national mind during a long generation; and—but why go on? Those who wish proof that fact is stranger than fiction will find it in any hundred pages of this dictionary. American life has its defects. But it is one of its merits that it produces plenty of the careers that Mark Twain called "gaudy"—careers vivid, exciting, and rich in incident if nothing else.

Even a short list of the better essays in these volumes ought to include mention of Fiske Kimball's account of the architect Latrobe, and Royal Cortissoz's essay upon John La Farge, both models of their kind. A close scrutiny will reveal defects in the Dictionary. It is once more a subject for regret that important political figures are omitted. Perhaps the most glaring gap here is the lack of any account of "Golden Rule" Jones, the fighting mayor of Toledo, so important in the story of political progressivism and municipal reform. It is curious to find omitted such men as Luke Lee of Tennessee, Indian-fighter, Congressman, and founder of a well-known family; Samuel Kremer, the Pennsylvania Congressman who affected history by persuading Andrew Jackson that Adams and Clay had conspired to play him false; and others of their general stature. Now and then an essay omits a vital fact. For example, the writer of the sketch of Charles Lanman, explorer, artist, and friend of many of the great, apparently did not know that Lanman wrote an autobiography under the title of "Haphazard Personalities." But the flaws in the work are few and small. Every additional volume is something to be thankful for.

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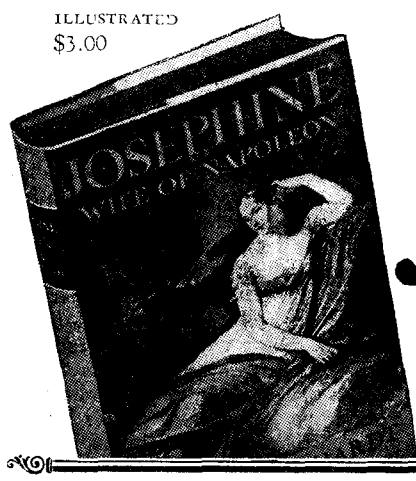

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France Takes the First Step

By LANGDON MITCHELL

IN times of revolution such as the present, or even in times of great fluidity when transition from one thing to another is accomplished overnight, there is nothing so important as that the intellectuals of a nation should meet and exchange ideas, and not only ideas but sentiments. There is, so far as I know, nothing of this sort in America. Our intellectual men are not only unorganized, they are isolated one from another or they meet only specialists in their own kind. Scientific men gather together and benefit by it. Philosophers may sometimes rejoice in one another's company, though I imagine more rarely than the scientists. I have never heard of a meeting of critics and the literary men of the country whether they are poets, novelists, philosophers, critics, or whatever else, think, write, and feel in a state of isolation. Whatever assembly takes place is formal, official, and concerns their professional or trade interests only.

Hitherto in Europe the principle of nationality has stood in the way of such an assemblage of intellectuals; that is, it has done so since the French Revolution. The great example of this was England after the battle of Waterloo. From that date and down to recent times English culture was English only. It had little or no relation with the cultures of the continental nations, and it suffered terribly in consequence.

The French, being at once the most ideal and the most practical nation in the world, have lately realized how bad this state of affairs is for the whole of Europe. They have accordingly organized a society of the Élite of the Mind. The intellectuals of all Europe have been invited to join this society, and to a certain extent they have joined it. The society is to have a yearly meeting, when the members will exchange views and at the same time are invited to express their feelings as well as merely to make intellectual statements of what each one of them thinks upon the problem presented. Necessarily they will meet personally as well as in public. I can imagine nothing more important for the future of the world, especially at this time when everybody tends to be a specialist and to meet none but fellow specialists.

The news of this organization for the assemblage of the best creative minds in Europe annually, has been conveyed in a leaflet in German sent to me by Count Hermann Keyserling. I append the translation which is literal rather than literary, necessarily so since a more idiomatic English might cloud the exact value of the original. The words of it are as follows:

"The founding of a new European society of the same character as that which existed in the days of chivalry, during the Renaissance, and in the eighteenth century: this task and nothing less has been the accomplishment of the 'Entretiens sur l'Avenir de l'Esprit Européen,' convoked in Paris on the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth days of October, 1933, by the 'Comité Francais de Coopération Européenne' under the chairmanship of Paul Valéry. Unfortunately I was the only German to answer this call. Among the notable personalities who took part in the debate were the following: Mr. Aldous Huxley (England), Mr. Salvador de Madariaga (Spain), Mr. Bojer (Norway), Messrs. Limburg and Huizinga of Holland, the Italians Messrs. Bodrero, Enriquez, and Coppola, and the former Chancellor of Hungary, Count Teleki; while France (which naturally sent the majority of delegates) was represented first by Mr. Paul Valéry, who, besides being the leader, was the real guiding spirit of the Congress, then by Messrs. Emile Borel, Jules Romains, Julien Benda, Georges Duhamel, and many others. In my introductory address I sounded the basic theme of our debates. Arguing from the findings of my 'South American Meditations,' I showed how the deepest significance of all the most recent revolutions lies in the implications back of the bursting forth of those *elemental human forces* which had been increasingly suppressed and pent up during the intellectualist era. This holds true of materialism—which is actually an unnatural *Weltanschauung,* since all immediate experience is psychic and not material—as well as of a deep devotion to blood and soil. This bursting forth, I said, is in the last analysis a *good* thing, for since perhaps ninety percent of humanity is fundamentally earthbound or earthborn, a rich, above all, an integrated, culture can proceed only from the recognition and the coöperation of all the forces of a human being. Europe saw its last 'integrated' culture in classical antiquity. Christianity severed the tie, in man, between soil and spirit. Now it is for us to bring about a new connection between these two. This, and not opposition of any sort, is the essential task before the intellectual in this time of change.

"Naturally some of the Frenchmen were opposed to this. But by and large the further our labors progressed, the more did the point of view gain ground that new situations should not be resisted, but rather should the enduring spiritual values be incorporated in the new forms suggested by history. In the end we all agreed that the mind is faced with utterly new problems today, that any looking back is a waste of time, and that under the circumstances the men of intellect bear a tremendous, indeed an unprecedented, responsibility. Finally we agreed unanimously that we all possess as our common cultural heritage a common European spirit which, in everyone who deserves to be called intellectual, is more deeply rooted than are the concepts of state, people, or race. We all agreed that in contrast to the 'International of nationalist nations' to which the immediate future apparently subscribes, a league of independent intellects should be created which would represent the universalist as opposed to the nationalist pole, the tension between these two poles being the fundamental tension of our time. And this universalism of the future would not be dominated by capital or by the principle of reduction to one level or by the principle of violence: mind alone would rule.

"Accordingly we decided to form an association independent of all politics or any other empirical aims, under the neutral title of 'Société d'Etudes Européennes,' to have as its aim the cultivation of relations between persons of distinguished intellect, through the furthering of such inspiring contacts as were the custom in Goethe's time, and the recognition of the radiating character of all living intellect and its natural resistance to organization. This society comprises at present the members of the Paris Congress; it may be enlarged by vote of the members. According to our statutes, no point of view which is not purely intellectual shall have any part in the future discussions or acts of the organization.

"So far, we have not gone beyond the very first steps. Nevertheless the beginning is, in my opinion, most promising, for at last we have found a way of defining our problem—which is the only means of bringing about fruitful contacts among the intellectuals of all countries. Very small means, comparatively, are needed to make possible our meetings and to maintain the inevitable office, less, at any rate, than would have been required by any society up to date. For the purpose of our society can be accomplished only through live human contacts which must always be personal, not through the assignment of definite tasks. This time, France has played the role of host and promoter. It now depends upon the other states to check any predominance of one single people, a condition expressly repudiated by our statutes.

"To me this meeting will remain one of the great experiences of my life; it filled my heart with a new hope. After all, it is still possible today for mind to meet mind, and on a higher plane—in principle at least—than ever before. No one who can be taken seriously, is a cosmopolitan today in the sense of denying national character and feeling. But it is possible to be a nationalist and at the same time universal. It is this possibility that the new society will seek to develop and upon which, I am convinced, Europe's entire future hinges, for the full significance of Europe lies in its intellectuality."

This open letter to disinterested men of intellectual make-up who are concerned for the future, needs no further comment. Men and nations depend on their intellectual workers. The whole of our mechanical civilization and our inner culture depend on these. Let their activities cease for only one decade, and the entire structure of modern civilization would fall to the ground, for what we have wrought in the way of external civilization is of all things the frailest. But frail or not, it is the product of the intellect and can only be sustained by the same activity.

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In Service to Poetry

MY HOUSE OF LIFE. The Autobiography of Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ALL of us older American poets owe something to Jessie B. Rittenhouse. The first thing I ever owed her was some return for her book "The Younger American Poets," for I came upon it at a time when I was beginning seriously to try to write poetry, and from it I got a clear idea—and a fascinating picture—of what those ahead of me had already done and of the large and variegated domain that lay before any beginning American poet, if he could find his own particular field. Miss Rittenhouse's gift for understanding a variety of poetic purposes, even though they seemed to conflict; her catholic taste and her nice judgment; above all her interest in poets as people and not as the mere self-indulgent eccentrics most of the world thinks them, enheartened me considerably in those early and brash days of finding my way. Her book was intensely alive. And her five anthologies that followed all have something of the same freshness of enthusiasm. She has done a great deal for poets and for poetry in America by her gracious and acute interest in the art and through her almost innumerable friendships with the poets of several periods. It was in her pages that I first found out what sort of human beings were Richard Hovey and Louise Imogen Guiney, two of my youthful admirations, as—particularly the late Miss Guiney—they are among my admirations still.

In her autobiography Miss Rittenhouse speaks of William Archer's "Poets of the Younger Generation," of the tremendous verve of that book. It kindled my own mind. This work of Archer's, Miss Rittenhouse says of herself, "focussed me, and I set to work upon 'The Younger American Poets,' writing the book in Boston in the winter of 1903-4, or rather the book wrote itself, as I had never experienced such joy and zest before."

Her book was the first of its kind in America. It will be seen that it came long before the so-called poetic revival. It dealt with some poets much of whose work has since faded, but also with a few whose work will not fade. The book was, as she says, "a declaration of faith in one's time, and . . . a pioneer work." It is the volume in which you will find the best analysis of the early work of that very fine poet, Ridgely Torrence, and of that hardly less fine (though now ignorantly forgotten) poet, Arthur Upson, several of whose lyrics should last as long as the language. Those are just two random examples.

But the first 40 pages of Miss Rittenhouse's autobiography do not deal with the world of poets, but with the story of a young girl of the Genesee Valley, on a remote farm, and her struggle to "find herself" in those early years. As a characteristic instance of a certain type of earlier American life, I think her picture of that time is excellent. It is also gallant and moving. Miss Rittenhouse writes with honest simplicity, not brilliantly but certainly with vividness, concerning her memories of childhood and young girlhood. It is the kind of thoroughly American chronicle that today we keep forgetting. It is rich with humanness, though at times it is dark with tragedy.

Later on Miss Rittenhouse, through an apprenticeship in journalism and a deeper interest in literature, came to know well the Boston and New York before my time; the drawing-room of Louise Chandler Moulton, then a woman in the middle sixties, whose "position as a poet was, of course, much more important to her own generation than it is to ours"; New York days when Edwin Arlington Robinson and William Vaughn Moody and Ridgely Torrence were living down at the old Judson on Washington Square, when Madison Cawein made winter trips to New York from Kentucky, and Bliss Carman was there, and Miss Rittenhouse lived on Morningside Drive near to Edith M. Thomas. She speaks very interestingly, too, of George Sterling whom she first met in New York.

Miss Rittenhouse tells us of the organization of the Poetry Society of America and of its spreading influence. She relates an anecdote from one of the earliest meetings of the society, when Ezra Pound and Gelett Burgess engaged in a witty duel. In fact, the later pages of Miss Rittenhouse's book are packed with anecdotes concerning various poets, and she describes particularly well her friendship with Sara Teasdale, and the advent of Edna St. Vincent Millay and that of Amy Lowell. Among American anthologies since Stedman's famous compilation, Miss Rittenhouse's "The Little Book of Modern Verse" appeared earliest. She refers to it and to her anthological work. Her best full length portrait of an American poet is her chapter on Vachel Lindsay. She concludes gracefully with a brief account of her more recent life and ends with an "In Memoriam" chapter dedicated to the late Clinton Scollard, her husband.

I can recommend this book in its latter part to all interested in the history of American poetry, and its first section to those who seek out genuine Americana in the way of biography.

On Top of the World

FIRST OVER EVEREST. The Houston-Mount Everest Expedition, 1933. *By Air Commodore P. F. M. Fellowes, the Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale, Colonel L. V. Stewart Blacker, and P. T. Etherton. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.* 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN WILLIAMS ANDREWS

IT is unfair to thrust upon a reviewer in carpet slippers such a book as this. To take off of an English morning for India with a flight of Moths—a Fox, a Gypsy, and a Puss Moth; to hop-skip the English Channel to the song of the Mock Turtle in "Alice in Wonderland"; then to slide down "the long shinbone of Italy," the Apennines, till you come to the "colors of Sicily"; to drill through an eighty-mile gale over the Mediterranean narrows for a landing near Carthage, and, thereafter, to cut, with your controls, as a silhouette artist with scissors, the coastal profile of North Africa; to come in for your landings at "faded Bagdad," and at Ur, with the Holy Land and the Near East; to follow down the surf-line of the Persian Gulf, still dark with slave traffic, till you come at last to fabulous India, and to know that all this—with its dangers and beauties—is but a prelude to Everest and the first assault, through the thin channels of the stratosphere, upon the white-plumed mountain that is god and devil to one sector of the earth and a fighting challenge to another—is distinctly unsettling. It is the magic carpet with a vengeance.

The impetus carries across India. It carries through the assembly of the equipment of the expedition at Karachi and at the base, Purnea, in the face of the Himalayas. It carries through the penetration of the envoy—Colonel Etherton—via pony, into Rocky Nepal; through the preparation of the big Westland planes, which are to carry their burden of cameras, instruments, and oxygen tanks, their pilots and observers, to the incredible working altitude of 33,000 feet; and through the pastimes and routines of the base camp waiting for the right weather.

It is India which makes this possible, giving, as it always seems to, some of its overflow of life and color to each word that touches it, and none of the several writers whose contributions compose this book have failed to draw on this source. More than this, there is the ever-present portent of the Himalayas; the special, familiar peaks, Makalu and Kangchengjunga, and the central magnet, Everest; they are seen distantly, magnificently, in all the preparatory air-flittings over India; they are watched closely and hourly from the base at Purnea; and they perpetually draw the imagination over immediate obstacles.

So the adventure comes to its climax: three magnificent flights in the stratosphere which lies above the roof of the "Roof of the World." The first flight was over Everest herself for the purpose of preparing a "strip map"; then a second flight—this time over Kangchengjunga—to test instruments and check light effects for the cameras before the final assault on Everest: the planes were caught in a "tourmente" over the precipices; were shaken like rats in a terrier's mouth; but returned with amazing pictures. Finally, the do-or-die attack on Everest in a gale which over the peak was not less than a hundred miles an hour, and a safe return with the coveted "strip survey" perfect and complete in the cameras of both machines.

It was a magnificent adventure, superbly executed, which must inevitably contribute something to human knowledge and to the humdrum routine of commercial air-traffic.

The book is lavishly and admirably illustrated.

According to *John O'London's Weekly*, "David Copperfield" is to be made into a talking film—and efforts are being made to produce a version "acceptable to Dickens lovers all over the world."

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BOBBS MERRILL

James Stillman and American Banking

THE FIRST BILLION. By John K. Winkler. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by DORIS FIELDING REID

ON his first page, Mr. Winkler writes: "What Stillman did . . . is a matter of financial history. What Stillman *was* is a matter of much more moment." On the evidence of Mr. Winkler's book alone what Stillman *did* was infinitely more important than what he *was*.

It is indeed surprising that a man who took part in and often produced events of so much importance could be in himself a figure so drab and so undramatic. Able Mr. Stillman certainly was. His business acumen amounted to genius. He was made president of the National City Bank in 1882, and his vision and extraordinary intelligence built for him his place in the world. But it is a singularly uninspiring personality that Mr. Winkler draws. Hard working, exacting, absorbed in details to the point of concerning himself with the pads and pencils used in the National City Bank, Stillman was cautious first and foremost. He could foresee the consequences of apparently promising schemes with a clarity that was almost uncanny. Although he could not only see but create an outstanding opportunity, he would prefer to let a chance go by rather than run the risk of making a mistake.

His was a completely one-track mind. "Money, its acquisition, conservation, growth, early became James Stillman's consuming passion." His methods of achieving his end are interestingly contrasted with those of the brilliant and erratic E. H. Harriman and other financial lights of that dynamic period.

To keep on good terms with people of consequence was almost a religion with him. Although detestable to his wife and children and the people who made up his household, and actually brutal to those under him, "Mr. Stillman was never rude to a man of importance." In an interesting chapter on Stillman's forebears, we see his father as a young man behind the counter of his general store in Mexico who, "stuck to his counter while great events thundered around him." He had no interest in them. "No one ever knew where he stood politically. He never offended a customer."

Like his father, James Stillman was cold, passionless, and hard. While keeping on good terms with people of consequence he made but one real friend in the course of his life. Even through this relationship the reader fails to get a glimpse of any human side to Stillman. He and the wily old lawyer, John Sterling, foregathered almost nightly, but it was of business they talked. How to make the National City Bank the greatest financial power of the world was Stillman's absorbing thought, and he relied more on Sterling's advice than on that of any other person.

Mr. Winkler quotes in his first chapter and repeats towards the close of his book Stillman's words to his son during his last illness. "Jamie," said the dying man, "Never accept the presidency of the bank." If Mr. Winkler concludes from this, as his emphasis on it leads one to suppose he does, that these words reveal a man who, after giving his entire life with singular absorption to his god—the bank—died believing that all was vanity and vexation, Stillman's life in no way bears this out. The reader sees a man who knew just what he wanted, who was able to get it with surprisingly few reverses, and who derived exceptional satisfaction out of what he achieved. And after all, most of us, perhaps not on our dying beds but certainly everywhere else, are apt to advise the people in whom we are especially interested to do something other than what we ourselves have done.

Around the personality and life of Stillman Mr. Winkler writes an admirable outline of the growth of banking in America. It is a most skilful condensation. His choice of material is excellent and his presentation is always interesting. He brings out pointedly the changes in the conception of banking which took place after the panic of '93. The banks from being necessary adjuncts to industry came to own and control it. The extent of that control is vividly portrayed.

The story of the formation of the National City Company, a neat little device by which the National City Bank got around the National Banking Act, is of outstanding interest today. It became the first security affiliate. Frederick W. Lay-man, when he was Solicitor General in the Taft administration, investigated the National City Company at the time of its formation. He depicted the dangers in and the undesirability of the scheme with astonishing foresight. His report, "was withheld for 21 years! It finally made its belated appearance on February 24, 1933 at a hearing before a Senate banking investigation." It is an exciting story and Mr. Winkler does it full justice.

In this age of debunking and muckraking Mr. Winkler deserves great credit for having written a book in which he allows facts and figures to speak for themselves. He manages to be interesting and vivid and at the same time present his material dispassionately.

The Future in South America

WHITHER LATIN AMERICA? By Frank Tannenbaum. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

DR. TANNENBAUM'S little book is as hard and nourishing as a slice of pemmican. It will be read with extraordinary interest by students of social science and of international relations, and with a sort of fascinated terror by the holders of South American bonds.

Most people, whether or not they had any first-hand knowledge of the other continent, have taken it for granted that its material development would roughly follow our own. Differences were due to "backwardness," not to fundamentally different conditions. Industrialism sooner or later would push into these pastoral neighborhoods as it has over Europe and the United States.

Dr. Tannenbaum's thesis, which he puts modestly and largely in the form of questions rather than in that of argument—a manner which shouldn't mislead anybody as to the very solid information on which it is based—is that there is no place for large-scale industrialism south of the Rio Grande. Such industries as the more developed countries now possess, have been purchased with exported raw commodities—sugar, coffee, wheat, meat, nitrates, copper, and the like—and the foreign market for such products has already reached if not passed its peak. There is little iron and almost no coal; no effective chance for the iron and steel industries; not one country could build, out of its own resources, a battleship; everything, from needles up, is brought from abroad.

Despite these drawbacks, great cities have been built. Buenos Aires may properly be called a "world city," and if the market for wheat and meat were an indefinitely expanding one, the Argentinians might go ahead and "buy" any sort of civilization they wanted, paying it with their agricultural surplus. But the limits of expansion for raw agricultural produce seem near, if not already reached. Everybody knows the plight of our own North American farmers, of the Brazilian coffee-growers. Brazil alone could supply the entire world with coffee, and the efforts the Brazilians have made to raise prices by valorization and the appalling destruction of harvested crops have only increased coffee acreages elsewhere. Sugar is in the same case. The collapse of the Chilean nitrate industry, from the export-duties of which the government largely lived for half a century, and its tragic effects on the economy of the "Yankees of South America" is an example of how illusive some of this South American prosperity has been; how few eggs, really, there were in the basket. It isn't, in other words, merely a matter of time and "progress" until all these "Latin" American countries are full of machinery, smoke, and all the rest of it—their civilization may be compelled to develop along quite different lines from our own.

Finance, foreign trade, transportation, education, agriculture, labor, are among the subjects on which the author, in rounding out his picture, turns his calm, percipient, and realistic eye. Dr. Tannenbaum generously suggests that his little study "will have served its purpose, if some one will prove its point of view wrong by developing a theory which will fit the 'facts' better than the underlying basis in this undertaking seems to fit them." Everybody interested in South America, whether sentimentally, financially, or otherwise, will agree with that, but it is the notion of this reviewer, at least, that the author has said a mouthful and that most of his tentative suggestions will stand a good deal of attack. It is a useful and interesting little book.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

IN connection with the recently published poems of *Audrey Wurdemann,* and before I begin to comment upon them, it may be of interest to my readers to know that Miss Wurdemann was formerly a student member and editor of *College Verse,* the magazine of the College Poetry Society of America. Recently a letter came to *The Saturday Review* from *Arthur H. Nethercot,* the present editor of *College Verse,* who has published a good deal of poetry himself, and has written stories and a biography of Abraham Cowley. He says in part:

> I believe that you have published work from some of our former faculty editors, such as *James R. Caldwell* and *Alexander Laing.* One of your new reviewers, *Kimball Flaccus,* has been and still is one of our most valuable student members; at present he is managing our book review section. In view of these facts perhaps you might wish to mention *College Verse* in your poetry column, and to suggest that colleges having poetry clubs that would like to join the national organization should write to the secretary, Miss Ann Winslow, 2305 Fulton Street, Berkeley, California.

I gladly provide this information because I believe such an organization to be a good thing. Some of the sponsors of the Society are *Edna St. Vincent Millay, Harriet Monroe, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, Leonora Speyer, Robert Frost, Robinson Jeffers,* and *Carl Sandburg;* so no young person may be afraid that this is a silly or a minor movement. The present President of the Society is *Eda Lou Walton,* known not only for her poetry but for the place she has made for herself as a critic of contemporary poetry.

BRIGHT AMBUSH

And now I present to you "Bright Ambush," Poems by *Audrey Wurdemann* (The John Day Company). Miss Wurdemann was first introduced to the public by the late *George Sterling* and has been six years writing the lyrics in this volume. She is in her early twenties and hails from Seattle, Washington. She has written verse since childhood and since her graduation from Washington University has appeared in various periodicals. This is her first book, and for it she has chosen a most attractive title. Her publishers have made an equally attractive job of the book's manufacture.

In reading through these forty-four poems I have found ever and again what seems to me to be a hint of the late *Elinor Wylie's* method, an influence that has touched many women poets, but it is not obtrusive. Miss Wurdemann likes the short pithy line, and she can achieve glamourie. She can end an otherwise uneven poem, "East of the Sun," with the interrogation

> *Who is that woman crying?*
> *Who beats at the arched high door?*
> *Whose yellow plaits are lying*
> *Along the sunlit floor?*

and achieve in four lines a painting of the period of the Pre-Raphaelites. She can sing of saeter girls and men satyrs in a way that lends them substance. She can treat Biblical figures, and others, with a knack for portraiture. "The Silver Nail" is her best poem in this kind. But the portrait of the old abbess at Whitby is unusually understanding. Her sonnets are vestal and have some beautiful lines and some fresh rhymes used adroitly. In the long poem, "The Eagle's Wing," she is entirely the young romantic, saying over again what the young *Rupert Brooke* said of marriage, and not so well. Also she spins the poem out, making it too long by one verse. It should end with the next to the last. Her phrasing is often extremely nice, but throughout any single poem it is uncertain. Her mind is bright and iridescent with legend. She can even achieve charming humor, as in "Persephone." But one feels, for all her indubitable superiority to the common run of contemporary verse, that her craft is but two-thirds learned. But her poems on the spiders and the ants are both unusually good, and in another, "Only the Blackbird," she has effortlessly achieved a first verse that startles and waylays:

> *Only the blackbird will insist*
> *On his one note; the thrush*
> *Rummages like a botanist*
> *And the bee burrs in plush*
> *While that sweet ventriloquist*
> *The cuckoo, cannot hush.*

When a young poet can write with such command as that there is little to be feared for her future. Further experience of life will enlarge her range, and she will have more original things to say, but already her verse shows evidences of rare texture. Facility she must guard against. Her poetry has a lyrical ease that can become treacherous. Her title poem is a gallant defiance, and I hope she may be able always to walk in its light.

BETTER AT FREE VERSE

Some time ago I had my attention called to a volume of verse by *Ethel Peters Reid,* published in New York by the Galleon Press. It is, like Miss Wurdemann's, a first book, though it is not at all in the same class. Mrs. Reid's work is obviously sincere, but it is strange that when she writes in rhyme and metre they so affect her utterance as to make her speak in an utterly artificial strain. Then she adopts all the outworn *clichés* and evolves a sort of half-baked "poetic" language. Indeed she also dispenses with grammar, for she can say "Thou *leaveth*" and "The world of people everywhere one common road must *trod,*" which is unforgivable. But suddenly she begins to talk, in "Persuade Me from Commonsense," in her own human voice,

> *Well, then let us pretend for the sake*
> *of argument, that I believe in life*
> *after death. See, I close my eyes,*
> *proceed with my enlightenment.*

And here she immediately becomes interesting. Indeed Mrs. Reid illustrates a type of poet of today who has something to say but seems to have no conception of how to write poetry within the old rules of rhyme and metre. Trying to write thus immediately makes her become stilted and self-conscious. Free verse should be her medium, or prose. Even the late *Amy Lowell* wrote with singular awkwardness within the old restrictions, whereas, with elbow-room, she could be brilliant. I am not intimating that Mrs. Reid is brilliant. She has a great deal to learn about writing verse of any kind. Her free verse, even, seems to have very little method. She must learn that you cannot possibly, in this day and age, begin a conventional poem

Born 'mid the crags of the wildest steeps

or refer to "gem-bedecked spray," unless she wishes to sound like one of the utterly forgotten rhymesters of Victoria's epoch. But when she writes a poem like "Bread," in free verse, for all its melodrama, she is getting nearer to poetic expression, because she is stating things in a more natural and straightforward manner. Anything *can* be stated thus in rhyme and metre; but only by the artist. Mrs. Reid needs to question every word and phrase she uses, at this juncture, as to whether it approximates the newly-minted or is battered old coinage. At present, she does not seem to know the difference. There is a great deal of quite accomplished verse being written today, and hers, for the most part, simply does not measure up to the mark. She is still struggling free of the trite and sentimental and that which is not a true statement of what you feel but a statement of it as you think poetic convention demands it should be put. Now poetry may employ all sorts of similes and metaphors, but, to be a living voice, it must approximate as nearly as possible the rhythms of natural speech and the way that people actually express themselves even in moments of strong emotion. It reminds one of the story about the man who cried "My God!" at a certain tense moment because he thought it was the proper thing to say. Much more could be said under this head, but I cite this book as an instance of a struggle toward genuine expressiveness because beginning poets are always faced with that struggle. And I sincerely wish the writer well.

THE NONESUCH COLERIDGE

Coleridge's poetry and prose, in a careful selection edited by Stephen Potter, has been published in London by the Nonesuch Press and is now issued over here by Random House. It is a book uniform with the Nonesuch *Blake* and *Donne,* and others, and is an equally satisfactory volume. It has a biographical index and a general introduction by Mr. Potter.

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The Nature of Discourse

SCIENCE AND SANITY. An Introduction to non-Aristotelian Systems and General Semantics. By Alfred Korzybski. Lancaster, Pa.: The International Non-Aristotelian Publishing Co. 1933. $7.

Reviewed by SIDNEY HOOK

IT is interesting to note that although philosophers have discoursed about all things, real and imaginary, the nature of discourse itself has received philosophical attention only during the last generation. It has become increasingly evident, however, that some of the great historic problems of metaphysics and logic have arisen primarily as a result of profound linguistic confusion. Clarification can only be achieved if we take the nature of discourse as the subject matter of discourse and ask under what conditions it is possible for discourse to render what is not discourse with a minimum of ambiguity and indeterminancy. Alfred Korzybski's book is an attempt to answer this question with novelty, comprehensiveness, and as far as fundamentals go, with finality.

At the very outset I wish to make it clear that although the large claims which Mr. Korzybski enters in behalf of his work cannot be allowed, he has written one of the most suggestive books in the philosophy and methodology of the sciences which has appeared in recent years. The central problem with which he grapples is one which in different ways every intelligent specialist or layman has run up against in pondering over the difficulties of communication or in trying to adjust his verbal responses to the unceasing flow of new experience and accumulation of new truths. How can our language, which is composed of a finite number of words with fixed meanings, express the manifold distinctions, differentiations, and nuances which flow from the inexhaustible nature of events? For Mr. Korzybski our language or semantic reactions do not involve only our tongues but our entire nervous system. Inability to understand the world and make the proper adjustments to it, therefore, leads to emotional frustration and mental disorder. Where we stubbornly insist upon imposing our elementary language fixations upon the world, our behavior approaches overt insanity. We take the word for the substance and the substance for an independent power and end by letting our own magical abstractions dominate our civilization and destiny. In attempting to reform the foundations of logic and science, Mr. Korzybski claims to be offering a clue to the reform of the whole of our culture and education. The suggestions for a transvaluation of cultural and social values are not indicated, but his program for scientific reorientation has won such acclaim from distinguished savants throughout the world that this alone would entitle the author to a respectful hearing.

The root evil of all false thinking and living, according to Mr. Korzybski, is our tendency to make identifications—of one thing with another, of one time-situation with another, of one personality with another. This not only leads to simplification of thought but to a disregard, and often a violation, of qualitative diversity in experience. Even worse, different meanings of identity are identified; as a consequence the incurable ambiguities of the little word *is* revenge themselves upon us by generating paradoxes and puzzles which have concerned philosophers from Parmenides to Russell. Thinking which is characterized by an adherence to the "laws of thought"—identity, contradiction, and excluded middle—Korzybski characterizes as Aristotelian. In mathematics the Aristotelian logic gives rise to Euclidean systems; and applied in physics both together give us Newtonian science. The Aristotelian-Euclidean-Newtonian system of thinking is semantically infantile. Its use presupposes that the descriptions of things are themselves things and that inferences about descriptions are themselves descriptions. It confuses the things which are the ultimate reference of discourse—(that which is pointed at) —with the words which are used as labels for them. It fails to distinguish between statements of what is the case and statements concerning statements. Our traditional linguistic tools are too crude to facilitate the processes of discrimination and abstraction. The upshot is that even when our scientific techniques are successful, our methods are confused and our explanations are muddled.

What we have knowledge of, Mr. Korzybski insists, is never of things but of the structure of things. If our language reactions are to be adequate to the world in which we live, they must exhibit a structure which is cognate to the structure of that world. The structure of the Aristotelian-Euclidean-Newtonian system is too simplistic and the psychology, sociology, and culture based upon it are necessarily defective. Our only salvation from the intellectual morass in which we wallow today is to elaborate a non-elementalistic semantic system, characterized by Mr. Korzybski as non-Aristotelian, non-Euclidean, and non-Newtonian. Such a system is free from the straitjacket of the law of identity, recognizes the multi-ordinality or functional context of terms, gives an enormous flexibility to language, makes us conscious of our processes of abstraction and discrimination, endows us with wings for creative flight, and by means of a reformed and generalized mathematics, enables us to both test and preserve our sanity.

I believe that Mr. Korzybski's fundamental position is sound and that his obiter dicta contain some seminal ideas which undoubtedly will bear fruit in the minds of others. But if he had deliberately set about to obscure his primary insight he could not have proceeded any differently from the way he has—or succeeded so well. First of all, his book of more than eight hundred large, closely printed pages is nothing more than a program and suffers from a painful circumlocution and repetitiousness. He says what he has to say in the fifteen pages of his Supplement III; the rest of the book adds very little illumination to the propositions contained in that Supplement. Secondly, Mr. Korzybski is exceedingly naive in believing that the world waited for him to make his momentous discoveries about language, logic, and natural structure in the year 1925. Mr. Korzybski has restated views, held by many philosophers, some of whom lived long before Aristotle, with the air of a Columbus discovering a new America. I do not in any way wish to detract from the importance of the restatement, especially so because Mr. Korzybski draws most of his illustrative material from the fields of mathematics and physics. Yet the slightest acquaintance with the technical philosophical work of John Dewey, beginning with his "Studies in Logical Theory," would convince Mr. Korzybski that his fundamental position has been worked out—and not merely stated—in psychology, logic, and metaphysics. And although some of Dewey's work is listed in the Bibliography there is not a single reference to Dewey in the text. More important, Mr. Korzybski's attack on the law of identity is an attack on a straw man—no, on a man of gossamer. He assumes that the law of identity (*A* is *A*) states that "one thing is identical with another in all respects," that it asserts "absolute sameness in all respects." Now the law of identity has been variously interpreted throughout the ages from Aristotle down to Meyerson, the great French scholar and philosopher of science (curiously enough the latter held that the law of identity is the presupposition of all science and sanity but his name is not even mentioned.) But I am acquainted with no one, and I challenge Mr. Korzybski to point to anyone, who has held to this interpretation of the law of identity.

Now it is clear that there is a sense in which it is perfectly legitimate to use the principle of identity once we distinguish between things, properties, and classes. Things can never be identical with each other but they can be identical in respect to their inclusion in the same class or in respect to their possession of the same property. Science would be impossible if this were not recognized. If failure to recognize non-identity sometimes leads to insanity, failure to recognize some types of identity is a good working definition of idiocy. Mr. Korzybski, despite his ban upon all identification, constantly uses the concept of identity in his descriptions. He admits the validity of the phrase "sameness in some respect," but in what way is this incompatible with Aristotle's statement that "the same attribute cannot at the same time belong and not belong to the same subject in the same respect." In fact Korzybski himself uses the notion of identity uncritically. He holds that the structure of our language and nervous system must be similar (which means identical in some respect) to the structure of the world. But

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he does not properly explain the creative activity of man which consists in changing the structure of some aspect of the world to make it conform to our ideals.

Even more questionable is the organic connection which Korzybski assumes to exist between his researches in logic and psychology and his views on sanity and civilization. Social and economic problems have no more to do with the interpretation of the law of identity than "the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la." Korzybski assumes that if a semantic system could be developed which enabled human beings to understand the world and each other mankind would have rest from its evils. No evidence is introduced to show that semantics has anything to do with the causes of depression or war and it is not unlikely that if two nations or classes or individuals really understood each other, they might fight each other—more intelligently perhaps—but just as bitterly. To hold, as Korzybski does, that "some trends of history are foregone conclusions because of the structure of the human nervous system" is to reveal an amazing confusion concerning the categories proper to physical science and so-called social science. If space permitted, I would take strong exception to the neuro-psychological corollaries which Korzybski gratuitously draws from his discussion of logical and physical principles. Psychiatry has not developed beyond the stage of classification and anyone can prove anything by selecting his data. The very title of Korzybski's book, "Science and Sanity," is prejudicial to the best pages in it.

The author would be well advised to develop his views on logic and mathematics and keep out of the fields of economics, history, and culture study in which he is obviously not at home. Here he makes up in dogmatism for what he lacks in detailed knowledge. If any proof were wanted, one need but point to his sympathy with the work of Spengler whose intellectual charlatanries are a byword among competent critics. What appeals to him is Spengler's conception of morphological determinism, the view that every culture is organic through and through, and that to understand anything about a civilization we must understand everything about it. This notion is a mystical vulgarization of Hegel's theory of objective Mind. Korzybski holds to an even more thorough-going morphological cultural determinism than either Spengler or Hegel, but whereas these latter two were consistent and postulated a spiritualistic metaphysics as the source of the pattern of the culture, Korzybski cannot follow them, for this is precisely what his semantic philosophy forbids.

Korzybski's book ought to be read by all who are interested in problems of communication. It is sure to open fresh vistas on fundamental questions of language and logic to all those who can discount the author's prophetic tone and manner and treat the peripheral fantasia of his social doctrines as so much poetry.

Sidney Hook is a member of the department of philosophy of New York University.

Challenge to Teachers

"JUST PLAIN LARNIN'." By James M. Shields. New York: Coward-McCann. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by LINCOLN JENNINGS GERENDE

THOSE forms and ideals which we have inherited from the eighteenth century and which were revised in their passage through the nineteenth, are today on the threshold of certain destruction, for having added their contribution to progress, and having even strangled it for some period of time, they surely must pass on or civilization become static. Yet education as that instrument of which we have been taught to think as the moulder of the future, fails us at this crucial moment, being content to cast its lot with the past and to pour the younger generations into the die of the day-before-yesterday.

Men like Dewey, Kilpatrick, and Childs have foreseen the necessity of a change and have urged preparation—to no avail. What they have said professionally has never reached the public, while the advanced educator in public service has been restricted by the powers-that-be from making any radical change. Mr. Shields's novel is propaganda devised to lay bare before a socially conscious public the hindrances which educators of today must overcome before the schools can be in consonance with the new social order.

Eugene Stafford is a school principal in the Southern tobacco city of Nugget where the destiny of the masses, colored and white, resides in the hands of its financial and industrial magnates. To this city is brought Professor Kalb. His duty is to reform the methods of teaching, but rather than reform them, he attempts to institute a new method calculated to meet the social, economic, and recreational needs of the children.

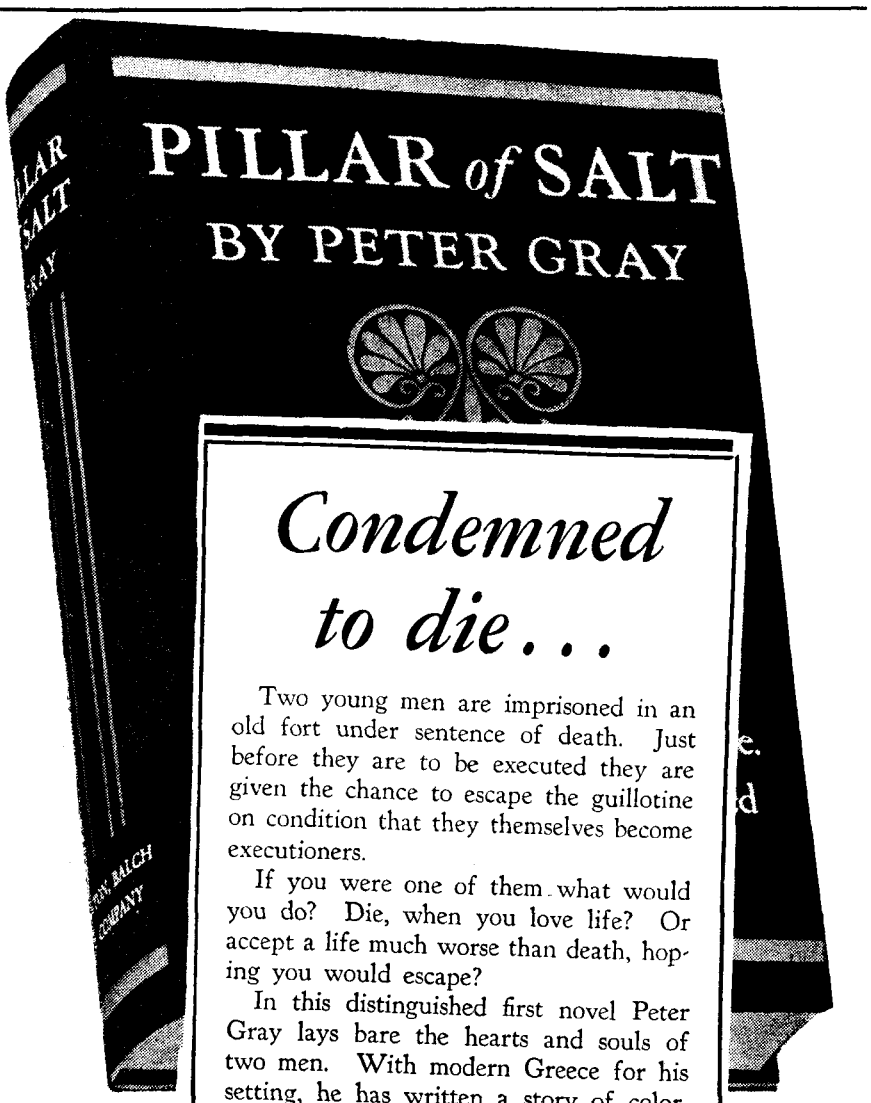
Stafford, hitherto blinded and closeted by his administrative duties, wakens gradually to the new needs. At the same time it is inevitable that Kalb's experiments should encounter reactionary protests from the very "interests" that engaged him. For they purposed to perpetuate and extend that mould which cast them, whereas he intended to destroy it. Thus they come to think of the new method as a medium for the dissemination of subversive doctrines; to think in social terms, to slough off the purulent encumbrances of the past is to threaten the structure which made the existence of the "interests" possible. Kalb departs before he is publicly cashiered, and Stafford, favored of the magnates for the time, is fortuitously chosen superintendent of the school system. The depression sets in and Stafford, honest, and inspired by Kalb's example, struggles with the problem of lowered budgets and wages, seeks to better the system if not to change it, but the "interests" balk—and doom him to failure.

Shaped by the past, perhaps still faithful to it, teachers are dependent upon the powers it has evoked. This book is a challenge to them and to the public.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MR. DIGWEED AND MR. LUMB *Eden Phillpotts* (Macmillan: $2.)	Apparent suicide and certain murder baffle local sleuths of quiet Hampshire village; church organist proves master logician.	Exceedingly well written and tightly knit yarn flatters reader's intelligence by permitting correct guess just before close.	Superior
GHOST TREE ISLAND *K. S. Daiger* (Macrae, Smith: $2.)	Henpecked husband of opera singer wishes she was dead. Bingo! she is—and Capt. Anderson has hands full.	Atmosphere good, suspense well suspended, action fast, but falters a bit near finish.	Fair
FEAR BY NIGHT *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.)	Scottish loch, with grisly sea serpent, scene of wicked endeavors to kill lovely gal.	Very little mystery, but much excitement, pleasing love story and extra speshul climax.	Diverting
MURDER STALKS THE WAKELY FAMILY *August W. Derleth* (Loring & Mussey: $2.)	Old Judge Peck, after several killings, finally, with village sadly decimated, lands the exterminator.	For those who like plenty of murders and sleuthing that isn't *too* brain-taxing.	Fair
THE EIGHT OF SWORDS *John Dickson Carr* (Harpers: $2.)	Puzzling murder of mysterious Mr. Depping unravelled with hearty guffaws by gargantuan Dr. Fell.	Barring a little overcuteness this tale of villainy in rural England rings the bell vigorously.	Top-notch



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Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

RELIGION IN FICTION

WE'VE always thought the world ought to have been organized on a scheme of forty-eight hours to the day instead of twenty-four, and we grow more and more disgruntled (and more and more sleepy as we try to turn night into day) because it isn't. If it were we could sit down and draw up a really comprehensive list of books for our inquirers instead of merely giving them skeleton surveys. Well, perhaps if we did that, we'd make them sick with surfeit of too much, as Shakespeare would have it, and for all we know luck is with them that the earth makes its revolution round the sun in its allotted span. All of which is prelude to a request which, if fully answered, would fill columns. It is that of

L. W. P. Jr. of Austin, Texas, who is to deliver a paper on religion as a theme for fiction, and who says that his investigations lead him to the conclusion that the contemporary novelist for the most part simply ignores religion, and wishes a list of novels in which it plays any large part.

We're not quite sure how comprehensive L. W. P., Jr., means the word contemporary to be, so for safety's sake we're going back over a number of years for our titles. And, as we hinted above, we're offering only a very small fraction of the list that could easily be compiled. Since our correspondent needs it at once, we've gathered together principally such names as have occurred to our mind without taking time to refer to bibliographies. So, on to the fray. Way back in the days of our youth we remember lying about in a pantry that housed an overflow of books, a paper-bound copy of Mrs. Humphry Ward's ROBERT ELSMERE (Macmillan), a volume which we gathered from the comment of our elders had a few years before set the Anglo-Saxon world by its ears. We tried reading it later on in life, and found it far from the tensely exciting book which our parents had discussed. By that time, we suppose, the world had seen more ministers whose faith had come into collision with doubt, and its tale of the agony of soul of a rector in his progress toward agnosticism was no longer startling. The book had an enormous success in its time, however, and brought its author into the forefront of the writers of her day. Years later she produced a sequel to ROBERT ELSMERE entitled THE CASE OF RICHARD MEYNELL (Doubleday, Doran) which, to the best of our knowledge, fell flatter than a pancake. Another novel of which we used to hear the older generation talk was Margaret Deland's JOHN WARD, PREACHER (Harpers), which reversed Mrs. Ward's predicament and portrayed its rigidly Calvinistic hero in conflict with his agnostic wife. Still another we have always meant to read, but never got around to more than glancing at on library shelves, is Harold Frederick's THE DAMNATION OF THERON WARE (Duffield), the story of a Methodist minister's progress from a narrow orthodoxy to doubt and unbelief. That, too, was a novel which in its year roused lively discussion and argument. William Dean Howells in THE MINISTER'S CHARGE (Houghton Mifflin) depicted the spiritual development of a country lad who went to Boston on the encouragement of a minister, and Samuel Rutherford Crockett in THE STICKIT MINISTER (Macmillan) chronicled the work of a minister among humble men, adding the flavor of Scotch dialect to his tale. Scotch, of course, reminds us of that charming novel which ushered Barrie into his high popularity, THE LITTLE MINISTER (Scribners), a lovely and tender story. Coming nearer to our own day, there are Robert Herrick's THE MASTER OF THE INN (Scribners), a brief tale in which religious symbolism plays a part, and Winston Churchill's THE INSIDE OF THE CUP (Scribners), a novel turning on religious hypocrisy and doctrinal discussion. And so we arrive at more immediately contemporary works, Sinclair Lewis's ELMER GANTRY (Harcourt, Brace), which a few years ago aroused a storm of controversy, H. G. Wells's GOD THE INVISIBLE KING (Macmillan), and THE SOUL OF A BISHOP (Macmillan), the latter, in the author's words, "a novel (with just a little love in it) about conscience and religion and the real troubles of life"; Galsworthy's SAINT'S PROGRESS (Scribners); Janet Beith's NO SECOND SPRING (Stokes), a book issued last year and depicting with freshness and power the efforts of a minister in a small community hostile to him, and the just published CLOUD HOWE (Doubleday, Doran), by Lewis Grassic Gibbon, which also portrays its minister hero at his duties among simple country folk.

A HISTORICAL ATLAS

Our next inquiry is from:

C. E. H. of Swissvale, Pa., who is "interested in maps, or books of maps where she might find an authentic geographic outlay of the countries and their divisions as mentioned in THE MAN OF THE RENAISSANCE."

All our school life we used to consult, unwillingly, since it was too large to stand upright on any shelf, and had to be pulled out from under a pile of other ungainly books, Putzger's HISTORICAL SCHOOL ATLAS OF ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL, AND MODERN HISTORY, a German work. It was regarded for many years as the best atlas of its kind and still ranks high, though not, it need hardly be said, in the edition which we still possess, in which the modern world looks quite as different from that which the Versailles Treaty proclaimed as the Mediæval from the Renaissance. Only the other day, we bought for our own shelves what seems to us one of the most compact and convenient of the historical atlases, that by Professor William R. Shepherd of Columbia University. This is published by Holt, and contains data from the fifteenth century B. C. to the present time. Its maps and insets are arranged to cover different periods and episodes, and include both social and economic information.

CHERCHEZ LA FEMME

We've been trying for some time to work around to drawing up a list of the women who would be of use to *Mrs. W. J. F. of Dayton, Ohio,* in the preparation of a club program she has under way. She writes us:

I am assigned a club paper on the huge subject of Famous Women of the Last Century. . . . Can you make any suggestions of method of approach to so large and debatable a field? Could I choose them chronologically . . . select perhaps ten individuals, each in some specific field?

The easiest way, it seems to us, would be to secure a springboard by selecting groups of individuals in various fields of endeavor and then either building a continuous story about them, designed to show woman's growing importance through the century in civic, economic, and political life, or else using the different groups as representing the various facets of woman's activity for a hundred years. We've made a rough classification as the names came into our mind which might serve as the point of departure for W. J. F.'s list, and offer it merely as a suggestion and not with any idea of its being other than preliminary to a more exhaustive selection. It might begin with women in literature, with such persons as George Eliot and Elizabeth Barrett Browning in England, and Margaret Fuller, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Emily Dickinson in this country, take up next artists like Rosa Bonheur, then actresses like Rachel, Sarah Bernhardt, and Duse, and singers such as Jenny Lind, Lilli Lehmann, and Patti. Since from the time of Helen and before beauty has been one of women's chief claims to fame, W. J. F. might make a detour from her more important categories to embrace women celebrated for their loveliness such as Lily Langtry, the "Jersey Lily" whose reputation endures to this day, and Lillian Russell, whose praises were so fervently sung by the theatregoers of the nineties. Then there is the group of women who made so valiant a fight for the rights of their sex, a group which in America took lustre from Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone, and Julia Ward Howe; next come the women commentators upon national traits like Harriet Martineau and Mrs. Trollope, and the scientists like Maria Mitchell and Madame Curie (who belongs to the twentieth century as well as to the nineteenth). Nor should we forget an educator like Emma C. Willard, noted alike for her seminary for girls and her poem, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." And last but not least come the women who wore the purple, Victoria, who dominated an epoch, Eugénie, who found shelter in Victoria's "right little, tight little island," poor Carlotta who paid with her reason for an attempt at imperial power, Josephine, loved and divorced by Napoleon. If W. J. F. will use these groups of women as bases from which to advance to her thesis, she will find that their activities, which overlap those of dozens of others, will bring a host of other personalities to her mind. The card catalogue of the Main branch of the New York Public Library contains no less than twelve trays on Women, beginning with Women in Agriculture and ending with Women Wonders. So W. J. F. has plenty of elbow room.

If she wishes to get assistance from books in compiling her lists she can turn to the article Women in the eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica and there she will find subdivisions containing in their different categories names of outstanding women in the fields under discussion. The index to the volume presents its entries under subheads grouped under the main head, Women. Inez Haynes Irwin's recently published ANGELS AND AMAZONS (Doubleday, Doran) contains much useful information on "a hundred years of American women," and Gamaliel Bradford's "Portraits of American Women" (Houghton Mifflin) includes such nineteenth century personalities as Abigail Adams, Sarah Alden Ripley, Mary Lyon, and Louisa May Alcott, in addition, of course, to some of the figures we mentioned above. Suddenly it dawns on us that in making our hasty outline of names before, we left out one which should have struck us at once—that of Mary Baker G. Eddy. But we can't begin to repair omissions lest we spin out our reply to W. J. F. to pages' length.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
HIGH COURAGE *Jackson Gregory* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Stern	As he finishes his new mountain cabin, our hero finds himself the target of unprovoked attack. Investigation turns up gal, gold and gunmen.	First Rate
NOT ASHAMED *Jack Preston* (Sears: $2.)	Romance	Frisco banker ducks irksomely frivolous wife, gets away from it all in Java Hills with unspoiled Tanah, who is unashamed of her beautchus bodeh.	Old stuff
HERE LIES LOVE *Peter Traill* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Novel	Six men in a club bull-session with a psychoanalyst hash over the glamorous Countess. Doc hypnotizes all but one into dreams of acquaintance; the one knows her plenty. So does the Doc. Good time-killer.	Original
DEATH RIDES THE MESA *Tom Gill* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Western	An open air mystery in which a masked rider harasses a party of archaeologists excavating Mexican Aztec ruins. The young stranger from the States finds who shot the poisoned arrow and wins the Prof.'s daughter.	Good

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The New Books

Biography

THOMAS MORE. By Daniel Sargent. Sheed & Ward. 1933. $2.50.

Sir Thomas More, humanist, inventor of Utopias, lawyer, chancellor to Henry VIII, and vigorous defender of Catholic dogma, is not one of the simple characters of history. One has only to read the well-known description of him left by Erasmus to realize that here was a man of such varied interests and so many complexities of temperament that he was a mystery even to one of the wisest of his friends. Mr. Sargent in this book, however, sees him as most straightforwardly innocent of and untroubled by doubts or vagaries of any kind. In fact, he becomes the hero for a sort of saint's legend, reminiscent of those guileless works so popular in the Middle Ages. It is, of course, perfectly legitimate to look upon him as a holy martyr, which from the Catholic point of view he certainly was, but something more than childish naiveté of character must be advanced to explain the remarkable sacrifice of his life, if it is to be set forth convincingly as a great and noble death. He was a truly worshipful man and a very great thinker, but his reputation gains nothing either in vividness or in completeness from the treatment accorded him in this book.

C. D. A.

Fiction

ONE-WAY TICKET. By Ethel Turner. Smith & Haas. 1934. $2.

There have been a good many books on prison life written by outsiders looking in, and recently a few ostensibly written from the prisoner's viewpoint. Miss Turner's novel combines both and adds the third element by considering also the problems and work of those who guard the prisoners, and who are therefore neither insiders nor outsiders. As the daughter of an official at the great San Quentin Penitentiary in California, the author has had much experience of this life, and is able to convey the particular atmosphere of tenseness and strain characteristic of even the most ordinary activities under these extraordinary conditions. Her accurate observation of detail, and her skill in describing the complicated psychological relationships between prisoner and guard, guard and outsider, make up for an otherwise somewhat commonplace machinery of plot.

Miss Turner's heroine, Veronica, aids a prisoner to escape, thereby breaking one of the fundamental laws imposed on the whole prison community and forfeiting in large measure the sympathy of the reader as well. It is not impossible that a young woman in revolt against the monotony of her upbringing inside the prison walls might be drawn into such an intrigue, but the extreme danger and foolishness of such conduct need hardly be insisted upon. Miss Turner makes much of her heroine's instability of character, but does not entirely remove the obvious objections to such an action, which is the stuff of cinema romance rather than of reality.

While "One-Way Ticket" is more remarkable as a picture of the prison community at work than as a novel, largely because of this weakness, the best thing about it is the author's freedom from prejudice and special pleading either for or against the convicts. Almost all books on the subject have been unwilling merely to describe conditions but have taken sides and prescribed reforms. It is refreshing to find Miss Turner an impartial judge, and though her picture is no doubt somewhat less grim than it might be in view of recent events in many prisons, this fairness lends even greater authority to her writing than does her extensive knowledge of the subject.

T. P., Jr.

REVOLUTION. By Adolph Gillis. Duffield & Green. 1934. $2.

Mr. Gillis's book is difficult to estimate, for though presented as a novel, it is primarily a tract couched in fictional form, theoretically because such a form could give more explicit and moving expression to the ideas he had to present. In brief, the story concerns itself with Leonard Stone, liberal professor in "Exeter College," and the conflict brought into his life by a successful communist revolution in the United States. Written with constantly sustained passion, whether the author is for the moment on the side of the communists or, later in the book, on the side of the counter-revolution (and this is no small achievement, for Mr. Gillis, if he cared to, would make an excellent propagandist for either cause), the final statement of faith remains to assure the reader that the author is on the side of his liberal professor Stone; that, though he is painfully aware of the crying abuses of our system, he is still reluctant to accept the necessity for violence to obliterate them. Like many other liberals, currently involved in the vital issues of the day, in which communism and its apologists bulk larger and larger, he resents the crying for blood and the vengeance-motive, and retains his liberal pessimism (taken in with his bourgeois mother's milk, the communists would claim), his fear that once the revolution has triumphed, the old greeds, the urge for power and the profit-motive will rise again to plague the race.

The story on which these concepts are hung reveals every evidence of hasty writing and an impulse to cash in on the topical interest in the theme. Executed in a lush, rhapsodic style, it remains, through its author's lack of imaginative insight, as a novel, poor in the extreme; as a tract, it is vehement, sincere, and none too deeply thought out.

A. C. B.

THE FLOWERING THORN. By Margery Sharp. Putnams. 1934. $2.50.

An unusually mixed fare of good and poor confronts us in this amusingly written, lightly satirical novel. It is much more than a pleasant story, but—alas and alas—one vital foundation stone is missing. The event upon which the plot is built is so unconvincing that the reader in search of anything real is in danger of laying the book aside after the first few chapters. It is quite impossible to believe that Lesley as she is drawn—gay, sophisticated, pleasure-loving in her London life—would have impulsively adopted a stranded four-year-old boy "to give herself a new subject of conversation." There is too much depth in all the implications of such an act. But we do find credible what follows: that, having done so (even though she quickly regretted it), she was intelligent enough to realize the changes she must at once make in her way of life, courageous enough to carry them through, and of fine enough calibre for the leaven of this changed life and new environment to work within her so that an unwelcome shift became a permanent and happy transformation.

The leaven of course was compounded of wholesome, healthy, and altruistic occupations in her tiny cottage, of village companions of a type she had never dreamed of finding interesting and lovable—or indeed of finding at all—and of the growing power of a child's influence in her heart. Thin ice, this, for any modern author to skate upon, with a potential depth of sentimentality waiting beneath. Miss Sharp never for a moment touches sentimentality; it is not in her being. And if her one foundation stone could only be discovered and set—in other words, if the inception of her plot could be made real and acceptable—she would lead us easily wherever she wishes. This, considering the dangers of her plot, is a real tribute to the warm humor and easy liveliness of her style.

Pat, the little beneficiary, is unfortunately left rather a background, a mere inciting cause; emerging only occasionally to become a real figure. One wonders at this second defect in the book, and is sorry; for other children in the story are delightfully handled. It is clear that with them, as with the Vicar, the charwoman, the old squire at the Hall and the city flutterers that Lesley left behind, the author can do all that she wishes in the way of delicate satire and entertaining narrative. She does indeed do a great deal that we very much enjoy, but we demand, as our tribute to her, even more.

M. C. D.

FOOLS RUSH IN. By Anne Green. Dutton. 1934. $2.50.

The comparison of Miss Green's designedly frivolous and nonsensical novels with her brother's powerful studies in death, madness, and terror was first made by every commentator on the appearance of "The Selbys" and has been made over and over again since; yet it is impossible to avoid making it once more upon the appearance of each new book of hers, because the line of development her books show tends so plainly and steadily toward the grim and the macabre—toward the sinister, shut gardens of Mr. Julian Green. "Reader, I Married Him" and "Marietta" were frothy enough in the main, but they contained icy touches of the preternatural, and, in "Marietta," of nemesis, which were the more shuddery because they fell upon such trifles of characters, like Death in a drawing appearing among a party of gay masqueraders, or like the monstrous apparition of the puppeteer among the marionettes at the end of the play. And though there is nothing preternatural in "Fools Rush In," it is the most uneasy of its author's books.

Unfortunately this development has not been accompanied, as one hoped it would prove to be, by a corresponding growth in depth or subtlety. "Fools Rush In" is conceived in the same superficially light-hearted vein, and related in the same abominably slovenly prose, as its predecessors, and is constructed in a still more disjointed fashion than they. It begins with the good romantic situation of a girl, Eleanor Rockwell, kept a luxurious prisoner, for reasons which neither she nor we yet know, and passing the time until the return of her mysterious jailer by writing the story of her life (which task, by a happy coincidence that is the least of the coincidences in the book, lasts exactly until the return of the jailer); it ends with the restoration of a long-lost father, complete with large new fortune; and in between there is every sort of mildly romantic incident suitable to the lightest of light novels.

But the facts which are not true of most light novels, and which grow more and more insistent, are that almost all the incidents are cruel, and almost all the characters are unbalanced. One begins to look, with a horrible anxiety, for the glint of madness in every eye one meets in this book, and to wonder if one has caught it. The detestable boy who led the bullying to which Eleanor was subjected at her first party, and who turns up in her later life to ill-use her again—is he entirely normal? The servant-girl who frightened the child Eleanor with tales of terror—was she not a little queer?

The reason why this question becomes so pressing, why one has a nightmarish feeling of actually being in a country of the mad is precisely that Eleanor takes

(*Continued on next page*)

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This was all very nice, but—after all—a beautiful girl can't just up and go to live with a handsome peasant, behave in a most tantalizing fashion—all with gaiety, wit and cleverness unequalled since Zuleika Dobson—and not win more American Appreciation than has Reneé de la Vailliere.

Maybe we're wrong. Maybe the Depression did some dreadful things to our native sense of humor which it did not do to the English, for A WARNING TO WANTONS was a best-seller in practically every important city of England (and Scotland), has sold 25,000 copies over there, was chosen by Hugh Walpole, Clemence Dane, George Gordon and the other judges of the British Book Society as the best book of the month.

And you just ought to see the English "press"—tons of reviews like Sylvia Lynd's: "If James Laver had collaborated with the darling ghost of Anthony Hope, this is the sort of book they might have produced!" For our part it's much more like a team-up of Anatole France and Thorne Smith. You may call it artful, mischievous, provocative, alluring, vivacious, exciting, ingenious, demure, beautiful, gay or just clever, or whatever you will—it's a real treat in fiction.

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

everything so perfectly for granted. She tells about her persecutions with such unvarying good spirits, such absence of any normal resentment or horror, that one is nearly persuaded that in the world of Eleanor Rockwell such things are quite natural. A certain tipsiness of outlook is permissible in a light novel, but in "Fools Rush In" the combination of cruelty and frivolity is so macabre in effect that one feels that the approach of Mr. Julian Green, who shows the horrible as frankly horrible, is far less morbid.

B. D.

Government

THE FUTURE COMES: A Study of the New Deal. By Charles A. Beard and George H. E. Smith. Macmillan. 1934. $1.75.

This book is a by-product of Professor Beard's far more interesting, important, and lively work on "The Idea of National Interest." Chiefly valuable as a summary of the Roosevelt legislation, it has a perfunctory air of being a quick assembly of elementary ideas for the market. And Ernest Lindley's "The Roosevelt Revolution" is easier to read. Although Professor Beard and his co-worker, Mr. Smith, think the NRA machinery is here to stay, they refuse to investigate possible inherent confusions. Would a "stabilized price level" (at the 1926 index) save our skins, or would the stabilization lead, as some economists think, to a new (and disastrous) boom as industrialists borrowed wildly to take advantage of government-maintained prices for their product? How is the government going to prevent competition between "substitute" industries—between coal, oil, and hydro-electric power, between rayon, cotton, and silk, between railroad, bus, and airplane? Can the working class compel a continual shortening of the working day as technology enables manufacturers to produce with fewer man-hours of work? "The Future Comes" fails to grapple with all the really interesting questions. It says, in effect, let the "future" do its own criticism. By then it may be too late.

J. C.

Psychology

HOW THE MIND WORKS. By Cyril Burt, Ernest Jones, Emanuel Miller, William Moodie. Appleton-Century. 1934. $2.50.

It is gratifying to learn that a series of talks, demanding as intelligent a listener as this survey of psychological problems presupposes, can be broadcast in England with acceptance. The corresponding American attempt had to be framed more simply and focused upon applied problems. The contributors are well known psychologists, the major task falling to Dr. Burt, who contributes both the introductory talks on how the mind works and the social applications to sex, race, politics, leisure, art, and religion. The child and its problems are treated by Dr. Miller and Dr. Moodie, while Dr. Jones performs, with dubious success, the task of telling a radio audience what psychoanalysis is.

Psychology developed for the air still awaits an effective technique.

J. J.

Latest Books Received

ART

New York State Furniture. J. Downs and R. Ralston. Metropolitan Museum of Art. $1. *A Guide to the Collections.* Part I. Ancient and Oriental Art. Metropolitan Museum of Art. 1934. 25 cents.

BELLES LETTRES

The Works of Coleridge. Ed. S. Potter. Random House. $3.50.

BIOGRAPHY

Windows on Henry Street. L. D. Wald. Little. $3. *Gouverneur Morris.* D. Walther. Funk. $3. *Ignace Paderewski.* R. Landau. Crowell. $3. *Toward the Flame.* H. Allen. Farrar. $2.50. *Philip Vickers Fithian: Journal.* Ed. R. G. Albion and L. Dodson. Princeton Univ. Pr. $3.50.

EDUCATION

A New Plan of English Grammar. J. R. Aiken. Holt. $1.40.

FOREIGN

Bernard Shaw et la France. M. Moore. Paris: Champion.

HISTORY

Handbook of Revolution. R. Shaw. Review of Reviews. $1. *Venetian Ships and Shipbuilders of the Renaissance.* F. C. Lane. Johns Hopkins Pr. $3.50.

INTERNATIONAL

An Oriental View of American Civilization. No-Yong Park (Pao). Hale.

MISCELLANEOUS

Rebel America. L. Symes and T. Clement. Harpers. $3. *Closed Doors.* M. P. Montague. Houghton. $2. *Gardens and Gardening.* Ed. F. A. Mercer. The Studio. $3.50. *England for Everyman.* H. A. Piehler. Dutton. $1.50. *Adventures in Nakedness.* J. Strange. Knopf. $3. *Salt as a Factor in the Confederacy.* E. Lonn. Neale. $3. *Indian Justice.* J. H. Payne. Ed. G. Foreman. *Useful Wild Plants of the United States and Canada.* C. F. Saunders. McBride. $3. *Our Revealing Hands.* N. Jaquin. McBride. $2.50. *Common Sense on Common Stocks.* E. Tanenbaum and L. Stearns. Covici. $2.50. *A Treatise on White Magic.* A. A. Bailey. New York: Lucis.

RELIGION

Elemental Religion. L. P. Jacks. Harpers. $1.75. *Prayers for Services.* Ed. M. P. Noyes. Scribners. $2.50. *The Bundle of Life.* J. R. Burke. Dutton. $1.50. *Radio Talks on Religion.* Second Series. Ed. L. Hodgson. Morehouse. $1.75. *Here—and Hereafter.* A. M. Royden. Putnam. $2.50. *The Person of Christ.* L. W. Grensted. Harpers. $3. *God's Turn.* H. S. Coffin. Harpers. $1.

Highlights in the Scholarly Journals

By J. DeLancey Ferguson

TWO contributors to the British journals have attacked a problem which at one time or another must have perplexed every true Janeite—namely, the amount of space devoted in "Mansfield Park" to the amateur performance of "Lovers' Vows," and Jane's emphatic disapproval of the play. William Reitzel in *The Review of English Studies* for October undertook to show "that the choice of 'Lovers' Vows,' as a piece to be performed in the house of a country gentleman, in the year 18—, was meant to be singularly inept; in fact, to go far beyond any general question of the doubtful taste of private theatricals." Mr. Reitzel quotes from the dramatic criticism in William Cobbett's "Porcupine" to show that "in 1801 there were people who sincerely believed that 'Lovers' Vows' was a play of a dangerous sort, and who saw in its subject and in its characters political and social meanings of an intolerable kind. . . . Jane Austen was intent . . . on a fulness of meaning that is no longer entirely understood. Rather than wonder at a sudden and fervent propriety in her, it would be wiser to see that she is playing her usual game of describing with critical reservations the activities of her small settled world."

In *The Modern Language Review* (Cambridge) for July, E. M. Butler went much further, arguing that the play was the mainspring in the original design of the novel. "'Mansfield Park' is nothing more nor less than 'Lovers' Vows' translated into terms of real life with the moral standard subverted by Kotzebue neatly reinverted. The result is a novel so totally unlike the original play that the relationship between them is the very reverse of obtrusive. . . . Jane Austen has done more than clothe a skeleton with flesh and blood; she has completely transformed what her hand has touched. The life-giving quality of her mind, playing over the preposterous characters offered to her by Kotzebue, changed them all into real men and women, doubled three of them, created scores of others, added a wealth of fascinating incidents, and invented subtle relationships of which her original shows no trace." . . .

The Pre-Raphaelites are coming into their own again as material for serious study. Readers of Violet Hunt's "The Wife of Rossetti" may recall her statement that Rossetti was reluctant to exhibit his sketches to his brother artists because he suspected Millais of stealing his ideas. The document behind this statement is published by M. L. Howe in *Modern Language Notes* (Johns Hopkins) for January as "A Dramatic Skit by D. G. Rossetti." The skit forms part of a letter written to William Allingham in August, 1854, and is published from the original manuscript in the Morgan Library. . . . In *The Modern Language Review* for last April, B. Ifor Evans discussed "The Sources of Christina Rossetti's 'Goblin Market.'" Mr. Evans found the chief source of the fairy-tale background in Thomas Keightley's "The Fairy Mythology," which was read by all the Rossetti children; other details came from "The Arabian Nights" and from Hone's "Every-Day Book."

Henshaw Ward's "Should there be any plurals in 'oes'?" in *MLN* for February, touches everyone who spells the English language. After exhaustive collation of all the standard dictionaries, Mr. Ward finds that of more than 1,500 nouns ending in "o" preceded by a consonant, only eleven *must* have the "es" plural. He concludes that "there is no good reason for believing that even these 'es' plurals are sacred or indispensable. . . . It seems improbable that a busy world will continue for many more decades to allow itself to be pestered with 'oes.'"

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WANTED—Work, by young man, 31, intelligent, educated, well-traveled, Europe, Asia. Five years in France. Sense of humor, presentable. Anything barring canvassing, mechanics. Future more important than immediate remuneration. Experience; writing, advertising, secretarial. Box 541.

BRYN MAWR GRADUATE wants work. Knowledge of French, German, Italian, etc., typing. Well-read. Travelled. Anything, except canvassing and crime, anywhere. Fausta.

IF YOU have had the playwriting urge and have given birth to "the great play," now is your chance, for the theatre has awakened from its coma and is screaming through the most distinguished managements for new material recently completed and copyrighted. For full information address Alice Kauser, Play Broker, 152 West 42nd Street, New York.

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AMATEUR theatrical group in Westchester wants new plays. No royalty. Box 543.

IS THERE anyone who will pay to young German-American, 26, $500 in advance? who in return will render as much as 10 months service, anything reasonable. Box 544.

CAPABLE, efficient, attractive and refined graduate nurse wants position that is interesting and remunerative. Prefer position as office nurse to a neurologist, a psychotherapist, or a psychopathist. Box 545.

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LADY, refined and pleasing personality, would like to correspond with gentleman past forty. Retired preferred. Box 547.

SECRETARY, young lady, seeking position, capable stenographer; excellent references; 7 years thorough experience. Box 548.

YOUNG WOMAN, cultured, attractive, gentile, interested in literature, theatre, psychology, contract bridge, and the outdoors, desires companionship of unattached gentleman, 38-45, with similar interests, New York City. Box 549.

GEORGIE cannot write here any more, Canby canned him; bounced him through the door; Doc didn't like the stuff; said it was too rough; So Georgie cannot write here any more. George Frisbee.

NOT "CANNED." Advised him to lay off for a few weeks lest the whole Personal Column be devoted to "Shake-speare." H. S. C.

YOUNG WIDOW, Jewish, desires position as housekeeper for an intelligent man, whose home contains a child, books and music. Box 550.

DIETITIAN and food advisor with executive ability desires position where high standards are important. Box 551.

YOUNG WOMAN, 25, from South, should like correspondence with young man, single, Gentile, cultured, in New York or suburbs. Box 552.

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BOY WANTED, dexterous, manual-minded, as apprentice to artist wood engraver. Graduate Manual Training High School. Independent artistic ambitions undesirable. Want someone with capacity for meticulous workmanship satisfied to learn and remain technical assistant in joint career. Want frank Anglo-Saxon type; no delicate over-wrought soul need answer. Plan implies living as member of family rather isolated Virginia farm. Box 554.

STENOGRAPHER-SECRETARY otherwise generally capable endowed with refinement and personality plus craves position any place below Mason and Dixon's Line. Box 555.

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EDUCATED JAPANESE wants learned tutoring companion in practice of English speaking. Box 557.

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

The Quercus Boys have been much chaffed by their acquaintances for their habit of always carrying with them the family briefcase bulging with circulars, catalogues, press notes and all the miscellaneous mulligatawny that comes to their desks. But when they were snowbound on the Long Island Railroad not long ago they were perfectly happy going over their treasures together, whereas all other passengers were peevish and bored. Hear them, arguing together in a crowded station somewhere in Nassau County:—

MEDIUM:—I was pleased with Max Schuster's piece in the *Publishers' Weekly*, "Can College Graduates Read?"

TERTIUS:—It was *esoteric* and *sedulous*.

P. E. G.:—Well said. I noticed, however, that Max accredited to Dr. Flexner the famous phrase about "tearing the heart out of a book." It comes originally from Boswell, who quoted it as Mrs. Knowles's comment on Dr. Johnson.

TERTIUS:—Mrs. Knowles was a woman, so I have understood, both *lucent* and *exemplary*.

MEDIUM:—You use the oddest language today, Tertius.

TERTIUS:—Jack Fraser sent me one of those Winston *Word-a-Day* booklets. Two unusual words for each day are printed on tickets which you tuck in your vest pocket in the morning. You determine to use those words, somehow, during the day, and at night you deposit the used tickets in the Winston Word-Wallet, a permanent enlargement of vocabulary. On account of the blizzards I am several days behind; this emergency helps me catch up. It is *fortuitous* but not I hope *venal*.

P. E. G.:—Which words would you use to describe the Charles Dickens "Life of Our Lord" which is now transpiring in the papers?

TERTIUS:—I prefer not to be quoted.

P. E. G.:—Rather gruesome, I thought it; and taken in connection with some of Stephen Leacock's revelations about Dickens it suggests some strangely saddening reflections.

MEDIUM:—I am heartily pleased that so much of the mail that comes to our desk has nothing to do with books. Think of Helena Rubinstein, with all she has to think of, sending me her pamphlet on *Personality Make-Up*. She has "succeeded in creating a new Persian Eyeblack Mascara which stays on through tears and laughter."

TERTIUS:—But consider the Water Lily Complexion Powder, "based on the youthifying essence of water lily buds."

P. E. G.:—What I desiderate is the Hand Cream, "youthifies roughened or ageing hands."

MEDIUM:—Another non-literary document which I carry about with me, always hoping for some excuse to refer to it, is the Vintage Chart in the catalogue of Bellows Brothers, Wine Merchants. It is good to know that the *récolte* of 1933 was of superb quality in all vineyards—Bordeaux, Burgundies, Rhônes, Rhines and Moselles.

P. E. G.:—As a lover of orderly sequence I am pleased that the Burgundies seem to have got back to the traditional custom of a really great vintage every four years. 1911, 1915, 1919, 1923, were bumper years in the Côte d'Or. Then '26 and '28 were both meritorious. Now 1929 and 1933 resume the 4-year cycle.

TERTIUS:—But I was disturbed to learn from Bellows's experts "Never drink a fine wine to quench the thirst. Use water for this purpose. Fine wines are enjoyed for their color, their fragrance, their taste, and the appreciation which follows drinking."

P. E. G.:—Is it not often so with fine editions? The voluptuary keeps them to look at, not to read.

MEDIUM:—I hear an interesting rumor that some really mature and gracious Jersey applejack is soon to be put on the market; not to be confused with what has been available hitherto.

P. E. G.:—Disbelieving the fashionable advertising as I do, I look forward to a book by James Rorty, announced by John Day. It is called *Advertising: Not to Praise*, and asserts that the public *affiches* have "wrought a far more profound havoc than most of us realize."

MEDIUM:—Were you thinking of that recent newspaper advertisement by a publisher which Mr. Woollcott described as an All-Time Low in Taste?

TERTIUS:—But my dear old soul, if the ingenuities of commerce were calculated only for the all-wise, all-subtle and all-virtuous, how dull life would be.

P. E. G.:—Since the government is giving compensation to farmers for reducing their crops, why not compensation to authors for writing fewer books?

MEDIUM:—Such as, for instance—?

TERTIUS:—In the always sprightly catalogue of William H. Allen, 3345 Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia, a copy of *Mr. Dooley in Peace and War* (1898) is listed, with the comment: "What a fine change Mr. Dooley would be on the radio instead of the arch-bromides these days."

P. E. G.:—Two exceptionally fine crime stories, over on the alkaline and psychological side, are *About Levy*, by Calder-Marshall (Scribners) and *Portrait of a Murderer*, by Anne Meredith (Reynal & Hitchcock).

MEDIUM:—I also read *About Levy* and agree with you. Calder-Marshall's device of characterizing the man on trial through the casual comments of other people, keeping the crime itself entirely offstage, is brilliant. It leaves you a lot to think about.

P. E. G.:—*Portrait of a Murderer* is also a very notable book; unfortunately defaced by careless proofreading. It gets to be quite a frolic, looking for the next misprint to turn up.

TERTIUS:—I hope that snowplough will come along soon; you will offend a lot of our customers.

MEDIUM:—If we get to town by lunchtime we'll go down to André's and have some crêpes suzette; literature always looks better after that.

P. E. G.:—Is it true that Dan Longwell, of Doubleday's, wrote in one evening 30 of those piquant little ads for *A Warning to Wantons?*

MEDIUM:—I have a riddle for you: which was the novel of this spring which was described by the English critics as "impassioned," "terrific," "brilliant," "vivid," "magnificent," "overwhelming"?

P. E. G.:—All of them.

TERTIUS:—Let's not talk about books. There was a most amusing fellow at Cella's place the other day, he had a delightful name for spats—"rat-guards."

P. E. G.:—My greatest pleasure lately has been in the Omnibus Jules Verne published by Lippincott. It was put out in 1931, but I've only just got round to it. Every household library should be established on a nucleus of Jules Verne.

MEDIUM:—When we read Verne as children we did not quite realize how humorous he is. The little touches of international satire in "From the Earth to the Moon" are very delightful.

P. E. G.:—I like particularly the chapter he calls *The Permissive Limits of Ignorance and Belief in the United States.*

TERTIUS:—Here comes the train. . . .

☞We have received not from the John Day Co., but from the Oxford University Press, some notes about John Day, the sixteenth century printer: "This John Day was an enterprising man. He printed, so the *Oxford Companion to English Literature* says, the first church-music book in English (1560) and the first English edition of Foxe's 'Martyrs' (1563), and was the first to cast Anglo-Saxon type in England. He also introduced a new italic, a Roman, and a Greek type." ☞Oxford is currently issuing a collotype reproduction of John Day's 1554 edition of *Surrey's Fourth Boke of Virgill.*

☞Probably the most extensive research that has recently gone into making a bookstore display is reported by Little, Brown, in connection with *Men Against the Sea*:

> In the Spring of 1931 Ellery Sedgwick, at the instance of Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, made a raid on London for every scrap of pertinent information about H. M. S. *Bounty* and her famous voyage to Tahiti. The British Museum was ransacked, the Admiralty records combed. Writing about *Mutiny on the Bounty* Mr. Sedgwick said: "We assaulted the Admiralty, to which our bountiful thanks are due, for within its sacred precincts Commander Tufuell of His Majesty's Navy made copies of the deck and rigging plans of the *Bounty*, and in his goodness even made an admirably detailed model of the ship." Commander Tufuell has since made a model of the *Bounty's* launch. Both of these models have just arrived in the United States, and Little, Brown are making plans to have them exhibited in bookstores around the country.

The Amen Corner

The Oxonian would like very much to know how many readers know Constance Holme. The Oxford University Press[1] has just published in the *World's Classics*[2] (along with two other new volumes—Harold Nicolson's *Some People* and a fine collection of *Modern English Critical Essays*) Miss Holme's *The Splendid Fairing*. This novel, awarded the Femina Vie-Heureuse Prize of 1920-21, is the fourth of her novels to be published in this delightful series, which previously has distinguished only two authors by inclusion of their novels during their lifetime. The other two were Watts-Dunton (*Aylwin*, 1901) and Miss Betham-Edwards (*The Lord of the Harvest*, 1913). Miss Holme's *The Lonely Plough* was published in the *World's Classics* in 1931, to be followed by *The Old Road from Spain*, *The Trumpet in the Dust*, and *The Splendid Fairing;* and we are told that the Oxford Press promises another, *Crump Folk Going Home*, later in the Spring.

Miss Holme is doing for Westmorland what George Eliot did for Warwickshire, what Thomas Hardy did for Dorset[illegible] and she deserves to take rank with [illegible] writers as novelists of the countr[illegible] She has a large and growing pub[illegible] England—one English bookseller alone, and not a great London or Oxford bookseller, sold over 1600 copies of *The Lonely Plough* in nine months; and others have been almost as spectacularly successful. Mr. Ben Ray Redman said in the *New York Herald Tribune:* "Readers who find few contemporary novels to their taste, who long for the leisurely progress of Victorian fiction, should settle down for a quiet evening or two with 'The Lonely Plough' . . . it is the second [third!] novel by a living author to be so honored [by inclusion in the *World's Classics*] and substantial merit backs its claim." The *New Haven Journal-Courier* called *The Old Road from Spain* "this . . . very brilliant novel"; and the *Cardinal Hayes Literature Committee*, in recommending *The Trumpet in the Dust*, said, "we rejoice at its inclusion in the World's Classics series . . . [It] gives us the opportunity to call attention to a fine study of character in the best sense of high courage."

The Oxonian is pleased to see from these opinions that Miss Holme is gradually being discovered by America. We are adding our own feeble note to the slowly mounting chorus, and advise you, if you want to do yourself a good turn, to get one of her books without delay. If you don't know the *World's Classics* either—but this is unthinkable—you will be doing yourself two good turns. If you don't know where to get them, write to

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A new MARK TWAIN captures the romance of the river...

The continued success of a great novel, six months after publication, proves that America still holds a welcome for truthful, native, romantic literature. . . .

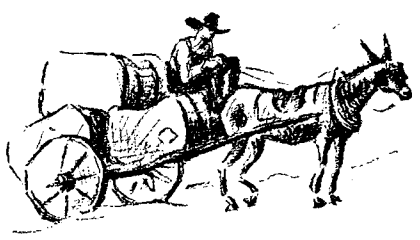
IT is a remarkable thing that practically every reviewer of Ben Lucien Burman's novel, *Steamboat Round the Bend,* has compared its author to Mark Twain—yet each has pointed out that Mr. Burman's contribution to the rich heritage of American literature is distinctively his own. As Joseph Henry Jackson in the San Francisco *Chronicle* says:

"Where Twain roared with laughter, Burman chuckles and tempers his chuckle with a faint melancholy. A Mississippi saga chanted to a more subdued, a more tender melody than Twain's."

Steamboat Round the Bend was published last October. But in the last two months critic after critic has been discovering it and extolling its virtues until the praise has become a chorus virtually unsurpassed by any American novel published this season. The critics cover an extraordinarily wide range, including such notable figures as Harry Hansen who declares in a leading review in *Harper's* that Mr. Burman writes with "singular felicity"; Carl Ackerman, Dean of the Columbia School of Journalism; Rose Wilder Lane, who calls the novel "a marvelous piece of work . . . delicately beautiful"; Blanche Colton Williams, herself a Mississippian, who hails it as a book even superior to *Mississippi,* which she termed magnificent; leading negroes such as James Weldon Johnson and Countee Cullen, the latter describing the novel as "a little miracle"; leading columnists such as O. O. McIntyre and Will Rogers.

Its sales have continued, week after week and are growing steadily. America has discovered that rare thing: a notable novel, drawn from the rich folkways of our country; at once a literary achievement and a tale to be enjoyed and savoured at leisure.

Its people are real. You will come to love them all—especially old Doctor John, unlettered, itinerant peddler of "Little Flower Indian Remedies" whose homely wisdom accomplished cures where his medicine failed—a character who will live long. You can forget yourself in *Steamboat Round the Bend* . . . and learn much about the real America. . . .



FROM COAST TO COAST CRITICS SPEAK AS WITH ONE VOICE

Mr. Burman has written a delightful book of Huckleberry Finn characters in the Huckleberry Finn Country . . . Rich to overflowing. Jonathan Daniels in the *Book of the Month Club News.*

The atmosphere of the Mississippi, which has been lost since Mark Twain wrote his river stories, is suddenly captured again . . . Told faultlessly. The trip down the river of the floating museum rivals in humor Mark Twain's Huck Finn. *Philadelphia Record.*

Written with a sensitive appreciation of lowly character . . . Mr. Burman has described the ways of these shantyboat people with singular felicity. Harry Hansen in *Harpers.*

Would have set a song to the lips of Mark Twain . . . Mr. Burman lights the scene of the great river with a warmth and understanding as touching as it is true, as broad bosomed and ardent as the river itself. Charles Wagner in the *New York Daily Mirror.*

Enchanting. *Boston Transcript.*

If you liked Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer there's pleasure ahead in "Steamboat Round the Bend" . . . A master of the subject writing . . . Lazy, lovely. *Cleveland News.*

Your ability to write pathos and humor fills me with admiration. I hope and believe that the book will be read widely. I foresee a great future for you as the interpreter of what Meredith Nicholson once described as "the valley of democracy." Carl W. Ackerman, Dean, Pulitzer School of Journalism.

"Steamboat Round the Bend" will delight every person who has ever lived in a river town. O. O. McIntyre in the *New York American.*

The charm of this delightful book is its style, its color, its authentic painting of river life . . . It is a pastel of the river country . . . with an effect as powerful and smooth as is the current of the Mississippi flowing towards the sea. *Louisville Courier-Journal.*

His quiet, soft spoken humor and his tenderness are genuine and unforced. And he knows how to tell a story in rich, native accents. William Soskin in the *New York Evening Post.*

Doctor John is one of those irresistible souls, a vagrant as picturesque as Huckleberry Finn . . . Mr. Burman is one of the few who has the facility for touching, so to speak, the reader's five physical senses. *New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

An epic of the Mississippi . . . Doctor John is one of the best characters in recent fiction. *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph.*

A Mississippi saga just as truly as anything that Twain ever wrote . . . It has, precisely, more charm to the page than any book I've read this autumn, and for a good while before that too. And I believe that you will feel the same way about it. Joseph Henry Jackson in the *San Francisco Chronicle.*

Enthralling . . . The characters of Doctor John, Miss Robbie, Fleety Belle and Duke are both real and memorable. They are already filed in my memory along with certain characters of my childhood—in a few months I shall not be certain whether they belong to fiction or to life. Ted Robinson in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

People who heard Paul Robeson sing "Old Man River" will sense in Mr. Burman's book that same indefinable something that made Robeson's rendition of the song unique . . . It is a novel that must be set apart from all other literature of the Mississippi. *Savannah News.*

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